

GOLDEN GATE

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

VOL. VII.

[J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER,
734 Montgomery St.]

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1888.

[TERMS (In Advance): \$2.50 per annum;
\$1.25 for six months.]

NO. 6.

CONTENTS:

- FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought; Fred Evans and His Mediumship, by the Editor; Nellie Morris, by Lita Barney Sayles, etc.
- SECOND PAGE.—The Old South Church of Boston and Its Associations; Fable; Publications, etc.
- THIRD PAGE.—Nellie Morris—continued; Why? Letter from Addie L. Ballou; Advertisements, etc.
- FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorial) Editorial Fragments; Room Enough, Yet Crowded; The Heart: A Question of Evidence; J. J. Morse's Work Philanthropy; Where It Belongs; The Beasy Babies; New Relations; An Interesting Treatise; Editorial Notes; Whom We Fear; Good Use of Money; Ready for Action; Fraternity Hall Meetings, etc.
- FIFTH PAGE.—Our Question Department; Statement of Mr. Palmer; Wants Information; Translated to the Higher Life; I Know it was She; Advertisements; Professional Cards; Publications, etc.
- SIXTH PAGE.—Mediums and Mediumship; "A. Y. E." on "Karma" and "Nirvana"; The Cause in Salem, Or.; Advertisements, etc.
- SEVENTH PAGE.—From the Sun Angel Order of Light; Splints, by Ella L. Merriam; Advertisements; Professional Cards, etc.
- EIGHTH PAGE.—(Poetry) And the Rich Man Died Also. In the Fog; Advertisements, etc.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

By the very constitution of our nature, moral evil is its own curse.—*Chalmers.*

God writes the gospel, not in the Bible alone, but on trees, flowers, clouds, and stars.

There is something wrong within all those who are afraid to look within.—*Secker.*

Good repute is like the cypress,—once cut, it never puts forth leaf again.—*Italian Proverb.*

The idle, who are neither wise for this world nor the next, are emphatically fools at large.—*Tillotson.*

Seldom was ever knowledge given to keep but to impart; the grace of this rich jewel is lost in concealment.—*Bishop J. Hall.*

He who has a soul devoid of gratitude should set his soul to learn of his body; for all the parts of that minister to one another.—*South.*

He is a brave man who dares meet himself alone in the open field, to examine his heart, uninfluenced by the world.—*Dillwyn's Reflections.*

Let but one soul have conquered the greatest difficulties and found peace in the midst of discord, and he helps all other souls who think of him.

That which makes the happiness of the domestic circle, which will reconquer Paradise, taking from it its thorns, is forbearance.—*Dr. Nichols.*

In the greatest majority of things, habit is a greater plague than ever afflicted Egypt; in a religious character it is a grand felicity.—*John Foster.*

Peace is the proper result of the Christian temper. It is the great kindness which our religion doth us that it brings us to a settledness of mind and a consistency within ourselves.

Do not do some good thing on purpose that you may be happy. You must do good for the sake of doing good, and not for the sake of the kicking back of happiness.—*H. W. Beecher.*

It makes a vast difference with ourselves, as well as with our impressions of the world, whether we are thankful for the roses we find on thorns, or complain about the thorns we find among roses.—*Hartford Religious Herald.*

And the mastery of self, the mastery of circumstance, is a process so laborious, so slow, so full of discouragements and backslidings, that few honest men and women ever dare boast of its accomplishment; and the few great souls in history who, in the judgment of mankind, have come nearest to it are those whose account of themselves is full of humility.

There are natures as far above the plane of common comprehension as the planets are above the earth. Their light shines down upon us, and we gaze up to them, while our wise men gravely weigh and measure and compare them, even mark their spots and compare their satellites. But after all, the strongest telescope has failed as yet to pierce a planet.—*Isaac Henderson.*



Yours Fraternally
Fred Evans

Fred Evans and His Mediumship.

BY THE EDITOR.

In our issue of July 9, 1887, we published a wood-cut of this distinguished medium, together with a brief sketch of his life. The picture was so poor a likeness of the original that Mrs. Evans—who is pardonably proud of her husband's good looks, has never yet quite forgiven us. We then assured her (and were thereby enabled to continue our friendly relations with the family) that some time in the future we would print a better picture of him. That time was never quite as propitious as now that Mr. and Mrs. Evans are about to take their departure for the Australian Colonies. Hence, the above likeness, which, though a decided improvement on that of a year ago, is still so far from good, that we are not quite sure that, in its production, we are not laying ourselves open to an action for libel.

While it is not our purpose to reproduce the sketch of the life and work of Fred Evans, as heretofore published in the GOLDEN GATE, yet we deem it well, for the information of many new Australian and other readers, to touch upon the principal points thereof, and then devote a brief space to our experimental work with him.

Mr. Evans first saw the light in Liverpool, England, June 9, 1862. At the age of thirteen he went to sea, where he rapidly learned the duties of a sailor. Bright, active, brave, and shirking no duty, he never failed to win the good opinions of his shipmates and officers. He followed the sea for seven years, the last two as quartermaster in the steamship service of this Coast, and under Capt. Morse of the steamship "Alameda," with whom he and his wife sail today for Australia.

Having had quite enough of the sea, in 1884, Mr. Evans sought for and obtained employment as a clerk in the office of Lang & Ruggles, brokers, of this city. It was during this time that his attention was first attracted to the phenomenal phases of Spiritualism. In company with an old shipmate, he dropped in, one evening, at Washington Hall, where Mrs. Ada Foye was holding one of her remarkable raps and ballot test seances. Mrs. Foye often sees and describes spirits, giving names and other evidences of identity, independent of any ballot. On this occasion she saw and described a spirit who came to Mr. Evans and his friend, whom they identified as a former shipmate lost at sea. From that time Mr. Evans sought to know more of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism. He was told by various mediums that he possessed mediumistic powers of a high order, especially for the phase for which he has since become famous. He commenced sitting for that development, devoting a half hour each evening, sitting in a darkened room. He sat faithfully for over three months, when, becoming discouraged at what he considered a hopeless case, he was about to abandon the effort, when suddenly the power came to him. He was soon forced into public work, and, resigning his clerkship, he announced himself as a medium for independent slate-writing.

This occurred in February, 1885, since which time Mr. Evans has resided continuously in San Francisco, practicing his gifts with steadily increasing success and satisfaction, until now, as he takes his leave for a season, there was never so great a demand for his services. About two

years ago he was united in marriage with Miss Agnes Hance, herself a fine trance and test medium.

On a few occasions Mr. Evans has gone out into neighboring towns to display his gifts, and once, in the Spring of 1887, under the management of the writer, he visited the principal cities of Southern California, giving seances before large audiences, and under conditions to render deception absolutely impossible. His method of conducting a seance in public is as follows: The audience is called upon to name a committee of three to go upon the stage and prepare and hold the slates. And this they are expected to do without any interference or assistance of the medium. After the slates have been thoroughly cleaned and sealed together in pairs, and while in the hands of the Committee, (one pair in the hands of each member thereof,) Mr. Evans, sometimes (not always) asks permission to touch the slates for the purpose of connecting or imparting his magnetic forces therewith. In our experience with him we have often found the writing to come between the slates, or on the under side of a single slate, without any contact with his hands. The messages written between slates before a public audience, and under the conditions named, are usually written in a patch-work style, from twenty to thirty in number upon each slate, and addressed to various persons in the audience, most if not all of whom are strangers to the medium.

In this, as in other phases of psychography obtained through this medium, we speak wholly from our own experience. During the past three years, we have held not less than one hundred seances with him for experimental work. We have had every opportunity for careful investigation. His psychographic control, "John Gray," and his artist assistant, "Stanley St. Clair," (the latter of whom we have found to be a veritable personage and artist who "passed over" from New Orleans fifteen years ago), are to us as real beings, in all save their physical presence, as the medium himself. "John Gray" claims to have been a sailor boy, like the medium, who passed to spirit life about fifty years ago, while endeavoring to save the lives of persons in a shipwreck. He has given us the names of the vessels in which he sailed, dates, etc., which we have not yet attempted to verify. If we had, we doubt not we should have found them correct. The third and last member of his band is a beautiful female spirit, who styles herself "Camelia." She appears to be a silent worker, who comes simply to afford proper and needed elements for the spirit battery. She has given us her history and likeness, which have heretofore appeared in the GOLDEN GATE.

In our Christmas edition of 1886, we published a slate containing messages in twelve languages, including Chinese, Hebrew, Greek, etc. This slate, which has gone into history, (having been reproduced in all the leading Spiritualist journals of the world, as well as in many secular papers), was written under the hands of the editor of this journal and his wife, in the presence of Mr. Evans, but without the contact of his hands, in the full light of day, the slate, to our certain knowledge, containing, previous to the writing, no mark upon its surface. (The original of this slate may be seen at this office.)

We have obtained many pictures in the course of our experiments—one, especially, a fine likeness with autograph of Father Pierrepont, taken

for, and in the presence of, Prof. Alfred Russell Wallace; and also writing in many colors, without the use of material crayons—in one instance thirty-three shades of color being produced within slates prepared by us, and which never for a moment left our hands.

About eighteen months ago, "St. Clair" informed us that he was experimenting with a process whereby he hoped to be able to produce, through Mr. Evans' mediumship, permanent pictures of mortals and spirits upon slates. He has now succeeded, and the result, as given below, is well worth mentioning.

Our last seance for experimental work through Mr. Evans, was held on Wednesday evening, the 9th inst. The wife of the writer was present. At this seance we obtained twelve slatesful of messages and pictures, including some very interesting work by "St. Clair's" new process. The artist was delighted with the result, and says that he shall be able to excel, by this process, all of his former efforts in spirit picture making.

Upon the under surface of two slates placed upon the table, which we first held singly, edge-wise, between our hands, and which never for a moment left our hands or sight, a number of pictures were produced, which seem to be as permanent as the material upon which they appear. A space some four inches square in the center of each slate has been subjected to some glazing process, in which glazing, not upon its surface, the pictures appear to be photographed. Upon one slate there are four faces, and upon the other three. Two of the pictures on each slate are good likenesses of the writer and Mrs. Owen. Then appear two spirit faces, one of which is that of "John Gray," and the other, which is quite dim, is given as a spirit sister of Mrs. Owen. Around the edges of the glazed surfaces are a number of private messages, thirteen in all, given mainly in close imitation of the writing of the persons from whom they purport to come. These slates may also be seen at this office.

Upon nine of the slates is a private letter to us, running continuously from one slate to another, from "John Gray." He seemed to be in the humor for a friendly good-bye chat. Speaking of "St. Clair's" work upon the slates, he says: "You remember some eighteen months ago, he 'promised to give you pictures on slates prepared with some kind of paint or varnish. 'Well, we have just made the second experiment, and find that we shall soon improve on it. The slate is first sensitized by some process 'known to St. Clair, and then the intended 'pictures are photographed on. Mortals can 'have their pictures taken along side of their 'spirit friends, just the same as you have received to-night. We can have your face reflected on the clouds, have your spirit friends 'near it, and photograph them both.' It is certainly very remarkable.

In our experiments with this medium, we have learned that not all investigators are able to obtain like satisfactory results. There is something in the aura of some investigators that seems to make it difficult for their spirit friends to come close enough to the medium's psychographic control to enable him to get their thoughts clearly. But even in such cases it is rarely, if ever, that writing is not produced independently, which establishes the fact of invisible intelligence. We have often obtained the writing upon slates in our own hands, when the medium was many feet away, the writing appearing in perfect *fac simile* of that of certain of our spirit kindred, who have, by practice, become proficient in the art of spirit writing.

Investigators who would meet with the best results with this medium, should bring to his seances a hospitable, kindly feeling, and a sincere desire to know the truth. Once satisfied that the slates have been thoroughly cleaned, they should not seek to interrupt the spirits in their work, but patiently wait the signal to raise or open the slates. If you bring your own slates, suffer the medium to place his hands upon them if he so desires. He may not need to touch them.

The writing is done in the full light, and open and above board, with not the slightest chance for collusion of any kind. There will be no lack of opportunity for the fullest and fairest investigation to all who come in the right spirit. If unjustly suspected, or wrongfully accused, Mr. Evans is quick to bring the seance to a close. He is reasonably proud of his gifts and jealous of his honor. He will brook no unfairness.

Mrs. Evans, who accompanies her husband to Australia, is a fit companion for such a medium. She is a fine trance test medium, as her sisters of the colonies will soon have abundant opportunity to learn.

We are quite sure that our Australian psychic scientists will find enough in this medium to give them food for thought for many a day. We hope and trust they will treat him kindly, and return him to us in due time. We have need for him here for many years to come.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

NELLIE MORRIS.

An Account of a Spiritualistic Test.

BY LITA BARNEY SAYLES.

By the courtesy of a friend I am allowed the perusal of the June number of the *Journal of Psychical Research*, of London, England, and am so gratified at its contents, that I have obtained permission to review it for your columns. Fifty numbers of this journal have previously appeared, but, as I understand, none previous to this have taken fair cognizance of the phenomenal facts of Spiritualism, as represented in this issue. The whole space is filled with the writings of brevet Brigadier-General Francis J. Lippitt, of Washington, D. C., well known and esteemed this side the water as an earnest investigator, a clear writer, a cultured gentleman, with large experience in spirit investigations.

Old citizens of California will remember Gen. Lippitt as the first man to open a lawyer's office in San Francisco, where he went in 1846, and remained eighteen years. In 1849 he was Chairman of the Committee of the whole in the Constitutional Convention of California. He is distinguished as a soldier as well as in law, having served through the Mexican war, and that of the Rebellion, receiving his military title at this last time of service.

When Prof. Alfred R. Wallace was in this country, he was much interested in the narration which follows, and obtained a promise from Gen. Lippitt to write it up for him, if he could profitably use it. It is a "statement of communications received through various mediums as to a person unknown to the writer, but whose identity was ascertained by full inquiry, If the numerous tests in the case of 'Nellie Morris' are the result of imposture, it would imply a continuous concert and conspiracy between seven different mediums, in order to give satisfaction to a single individual who was already a Spiritualist, but from whom no advertisement of the mediums concerned was to be expected." (Wallace.)

The *Journal*, from which this account is compiled, being published for members and associates of the Society of Psychical Research, only a very few copies reach this country. The story being so strong a confirmation of the phenomena of Spiritualism, it is desirable that it have a wide circulation in America, among those interested, and the thanks of all readers will be generously accorded to Gen. Lippitt for having so ably and carefully prepared the rehearsal of his experience, and which may be cited to those who see no truth in these occurrences, as direct evidence in its favor.

Gen. Lippitt first became acquainted with Nellie Morris through "Daisy," apparently a child-spirit who often comes and talks to sitters at Mrs. Beste's seances.

In May, 1885, he attended several of her materialization seances in Washington, D. C. He is positive that Mrs. Beste knew nothing at that time of him or his family, except his name. His daughter, Carrie, had departed this life in July, 1882, in the interior of New Jersey.

In speaking to "Daisy" of his daughter, Carrie, who had just materialized and conversed with her "papa," and had retired, "Daisy" spontaneously said, "Carrie has a dear friend in the spirit land named Nellie Morris," and that Nellie Morris' father had been our Minister to Turkey for about eleven years; that she was a beautiful and lovely young lady who had died, she did not know exactly when, but some two or three years ago, in Philadelphia. This seance occurred upon May 8th.

Gen. Lippitt examined the State records, and found that E. Joy Morris, of Philadelphia, was United States Minister to Turkey from 1861 to 1870, and wrote to parties in that city to find if Mr. Morris had a daughter Nellie. He, however, received no information from that source. But at a seance upon May 17th Miss Carrie came to her father again, and in reply to his questions about Miss Morris, said, "Yes; she is my best friend, and we are constantly together." She described her as being tall and graceful, with blonde hair and blue eyes; that she

(Continued on Third Page.)

The Old South Church of Boston and Its Associations.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

"Few spots in this new world of ours are rendered venerable by so long a line of associations as is the old South Church. The very land upon which it stands was the dwelling place of Gov. Winthrop, the scene of the earliest struggles of the colony on this barren Coast. Here in the old South Church has Thatcher preached and Dudley worshipped; here Franklin was baptized, and here, in later days, the eloquence of Adams, of Quincy, of Warren, kindled the flame which fired the revolution. Within its walls were won our earliest victories; before its voice the proudest emissaries of the British Crown wavered and trembled; at its word Massachusetts men were delivered from impress, and the haughty Commander of his Majesty's man of war yielded in awed submission. Governor and military bowed alike before the mandates of the old South Church, and at its command King George's troops retreated from Boston soil. Its name became a watchword, a cry of peril, and a war blast of defiance."

After reading the above the desire to visit such a place filled with such historical reminiscences became irresistible. When there we found that the story of its wealth of information, as connected with its association with the past, had not half been told. As we entered its venerable precincts our eye was attracted to an inscription over a window in the rear of the platform or pulpit, which read as follows: "This is the window through which Warren entered to deliver his famous oration on the Boston massacre." The Warren here referred to was Dr. Joseph Warren, who afterwards became Gen. Warren, and was killed at the Battle of Bunker Hill. The reason Warren entered the church through an upper window was that the church was not only filled to its utmost capacity, but the streets adjoining were crowded with a surging mass of humanity, many of them Tories, enemies of the patriots, who had secretly expressed their intention of assaulting Warren as he entered the church, so as to prevent his speaking, at least that night, as this was a meeting of all others the Tories wished to break up. The friends of Warren hearing of this, procured a ladder, and assisted him to enter the church by a rear window, thus outgeneraling the enemies of freedom. Certainly these were times that not only "tried men's souls," but also their pluck, daring, and patriotism.

In the stormy times prior to the Revolutionary War, when citizens' meetings were frequently held to discuss the "situation" became too large to be accommodated in Faneuil Hall, they would adjourn to the old South Church, where the Committee of Safety, headed by that noble patriot, Samuel Adams, held its sessions, and issued its orders, for in those days the Committee of Safety exercised powers and issued decrees that made governors and generals alike quail before it. It was this power and the fearlessness of the leader that so impressed Lord North, that he ever afterwards referred to the troops in Boston as "Sam Adams' regiments."

Shortly after the commencement of the war the old South Church was occupied by British soldiers as a riding school, and a place for cavalry drill. They established a whisky saloon in one part of the gallery, and tore down the balance, and stripped the interior of its wood-work. The destruction here referred to explains another notice that met our eye as we passed out into the auditorium, hanging on the gallery over a rear entrance to the church, which read as follows: "This is the place where Washington entered after evacuation of Boston. Looking down upon the havoc caused by the British riding school, he said reverently, 'That he should have thought the English, who had so much respect for their own churches, would have respected those of others.'"

The old South Church is full of relics and curios of ante bellum times. A large field is here open for antiquarians. There are no religious services held there now, as the building was purchased several years ago by wealthy gentleman to preserve it as a landmark and a memento to future generations of the struggles and trials of the patriots, who wrenched freedom from the hands of the tyrants, and established it on a firm basis on the Western Continent.

To say that Boston is a great city, containing some of the best mental and physical types of Americans to the manor born, is a truism known to all—at least to those who visit that city. It undoubtedly contains more historical reminiscences of the early trials and struggles, which resulted in the independence of the then American colonies, than can be found at any other point.

While we cheerfully concede to Boston more learning, better educational facilities, great business energy and foresightedness, and all the other qualities that go to make up a great city, yet in their corporate capacity some of their acts are several degrees below that of an imbecile. We allude particularly to the multiplicity of streets which must run up into the thousands, many of which are yet unnamed, and if a stranger wishes to know what street he is on, he must hunt up a "cop," or enter a store, as but few of the average pedestrians know where they are. Most of the streets are narrow, short, crooked, and interlock

each other in all ways. From a bird's-eye view of its streets they are confusion, worse confounded. But a better illustration would be to take a fork full of hay, toss it high in the air; when it falls to the ground, trace each spear of hay, and you will have an exact illustration of how the streets of Boston run or stand. A long time ago it was said the streets followed paths made by cows. This charge is evidently a libel on the cows, as no well regulated cow would walk in such a serpentine course. Undoubtedly the following is the truth in the matter, that some malicious men, without even a thought of happiness of future generations in mind, procured a poor old blind cow, got her intoxicated, drove her over the territory now embraced in Boston, followed by the city fathers, declaring the cow's ways, high ways, and built accordingly. Owing to the cussedness of the streets, we soon found it necessary to employ a pilot, so one day we requested him to take us through the most intricate part of the city, an experiment, by the way, we could not be induced to try again. At one time during our wanderings we became so discouraged and demoralized by the sinuosities of the streets, that had our pilot left us, we should have sat down on the sidewalks and called for "Gabriel to blow his trumpet," rather than to have tried to extricate ourselves. In part compensation, however, for the disgust we have for the streets of Boston, we had

A PLEASANT DAY IN BROOKLYN.

In response to an invitation from our old friend, Mr. C. H. Draper, Cashier of the First National Bank of Boston, we spent an afternoon and evening at their palatial residence in Brooklyn. Upon our arrival there, we found their carriage awaiting us, into which Mr. and Mrs. Draper, Mrs. Aylsworth and ourselves were soon seated; and for a couple of hours we were driven over magnificent roadways and through a most delightful country, where the primitive forests had not been disturbed, except to make way for costly residences for wealthy Bostonians. We passed round Chestnut Hill and the other great reservoirs that supply Boston with water, thence to the crest of Corey's Hill, whence is obtained one of the grandest views in Massachusetts, including not only Boston and her suburbs, and the ocean, but also the rural towns at the west for many miles. Even the blue peak of the far-off Wachusett can be seen. Brooklyn is considered one of the most beautiful of the many suburban towns surrounding Boston. Its delightful drives are not alone enjoyed by those of Brooklyn, but on pleasant days scores of city carriages are seen on some of the many drives in Brooklyn, as well as on the boulevards surrounding the city's reservoirs. The Harvard Church at that place is a most beautiful edifice, both without and within. The interior is very ornamental, but in a tasteful manner. It is furnished with a magnificent organ, placed behind the chancel, and with its decorated pipes all exposed to view, adds much to its artistic effect. On our return to the house, we found an excellent dinner set and in waiting. After doing it, if not ourselves, ample justice, our host and hostess led us through their dwelling, which is fitted and furnished in almost oriental splendor. After spending another pleasant hour, we took our departure. Mr. and Mrs. Draper are not Spiritualists, but they are some of nature's noblest productions. They meet us on Wednesday, the 8th, with other friends, for a trip to Plymouth, where, it is said, can be found many historical reminiscences, dating back to the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock.

VERIFICATION OF A SPIRIT MESSAGE.

Some six years ago, a spirit came to me through a spirit medium, Mrs. E. A. Lewis of San Francisco, who claimed to be Amos Adams, my great grandfather—he who, in the body, was a minister of the gospel in Roxbury, Mass. He gave a very interesting statement of his entrance into spirit life, and of some of his experiences while there. At my request, he repeated it in public, through the same medium, to an audience of some two hundred. A short-hand reporter was engaged, and his lecture was fully reported, and published in some of the papers at the time.

Having left home when a boy of less than twelve years of age, I knew nothing of my ancestors, and did not then nor at the time the communication was given, know the name of my great grandfather; therefore, it could not have been a case of mind-reading.

While sojourning in Boston, I concluded to ascertain, if possible, the truth of what the spirit had told me. With that end in view, I first went to the Baptist Book Publishing Company. But after a diligent search of the register containing the names of ministers in Boston and Roxbury, the name of Amos Adams could not be found. I then went to the library connected with the Congregational Society, and after a half hour's search, the Assistant Librarian handed me a book containing the desired information. In it was found the name of Amos Adams, who was ordained minister of the First Congregational Church in Roxbury, September 12th, 1758. The record states that he was an ardent patriot, outspoken and aggressive in denouncing the tyranny and oppression heaped on the colonists by the home government. This freedom of speech often brought him into a wordy conflict with the Tories of the day.

After obtaining this information, I went

to Roxbury, and there found on a tablet hanging to an iron gate leading to the cemetery, the name of Amos Adams. On entering the cemetery, I found a tomb, on the side of which were inscribed the words "Parish Tomb." On the slab covering it were the names of John Eliot, Thomas Walter, Nehemiah Walter, Amos Adams, Oliver Peabody, and Eliphalet Porter.

I also found the old parsonage that my great grandfather lived in, still in a good state of preservation. It was occupied by an old gentleman member of the same church, aged about ninety, who, when told of my errand, exclaimed, "Are you really a descendant of Grandfather Adams?" After relating to me many reminiscences, he presented me with a book of which he was the author, having many references to the Rev. Amos Adams. To me this is one of the most conclusive confirmations of the truth of spirit communication that can be adduced. It is more than gratifying to have this truth removed from the realm of doubt, and firmly placed in the home of truth.

While in Boston, it was our good pleasure to meet several relations of prominent Spiritualists in San Francisco. To-day we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. and Miss Baker, the sister and niece of Mr. John Titcomb, cashier of J. A. Folger & Co.'s establishment, both agreeable and pleasant ladies. A day or two ago, we met Mrs. George Chainey, the former wife of George Chainey, the lecturer of your city. Mrs. Chainey is a very bright and intelligent lady, and the mother of three children.

While in Philadelphia, we called on Mrs. Slater, the mother of John Slater, the platform test medium. Mrs. Slater is a quiet, nervous little woman, with poor health. She expressed a strong desire to go to California, and be with her son John. Thursday afternoon we go to Lake Pleasant.

AMOS ADAMS.

BOSTON, Mass., August 9, 1888.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Fable.

Omphra the Great, King of Egypt, lived in a palace, and reigned over many rich kingdoms. His armies overcame all the foes they met, and the fame of the King was spread over all the earth then inhabited.

It happened that, during his reign, a certain poor philosopher was heard to say that he did not think the King so great, for, when he died, he would rot in his grave the same as any other man.

The saying being reported to the King, he sent for the philosopher, who was brought before the throne dressed in mean garments, and to whom the King said, in a terrible voice:

"Who is this man that dares to say the ruler of Egypt will rot in his grave when he dies? Know you not that the bodies of kings are preserved with costly spices, so that they will last to the world's end? In life and death, kings are unequalled."

The poor philosopher answered: "I have heard that; but I always hated the smell of spices. They make me sick. A king dead is a king no more, but a man like me. Wise men are the only kings whom death can not destroy."

The King was so angry at the answer that he ordered the head of the philosopher cut off at once. The last words of the sage, as he was before the executioner, were addressed to the King:

"I will wait for you, O King. We shall see who is the best man when we meet again."

After a few years the King died, and his body was preserved with the greatest care; but while he was watching with great interest the process of preservation, the spirit of the philosopher stood by his side, and said to him solemnly:

"Man, thou art no more a king. Tied to that body, of which thou art so proud, thou shalt never leave it, till it be destroyed like the body of a slave."

With that rising in the air, and reflecting glory from his white robes, he disappeared. The spirit of the King, full of anger and pride, strove to follow; but in vain. A thousand unseen cords seemed to draw him back to the body of which he had been so proud; and the Great Omphra found, to his dismay, that he could not leave the tomb in which his mummy was deposited.

For hundreds and thousands of years he remained there; till he had forgotten all his glory; had seen his kingdom decay, and strangers in possession of the land; till he wished for annihilation, which would not come.

At last, certain travelers came to Egypt, and dug up his mummy, on a cold night, when they were short of firewood. They burned it to make a fire to cook their coffee, and as the last particle of the body of the Great Omphra disappeared in ashes, the spirit of the proud King was set free from its thralldom.

Humbled by his long and terrible experience, he wandered away to meet the spirit of the old philosopher, whom he once ordered to be beheaded. Seeing his bright and radiant appearance, the poor King fell at his feet and said:

"Pardon me for what I once did to thee. I have paid for it bitterly. How shall I now be saved from the darkness which surrounds me?"

The bright spirit answered him, smiling kindly, this time:

"What the world calls disgrace is often only the means by which the spirit can

be freed from its own fetters. Happy the man who is born to trouble and mortification; for the jewels of heaven are born of the tears of earth. Come up higher now, for thy price is paid. I. O. N.

Human nature can endure only a certain amount of hard, humdrum life, and a relaxation from it is often better than medicine.

A promise is a just debt, which should always be paid, for honor and honesty are its security.

RULES FOR THE SPIRIT CIRCLE.

The Spirit Circle is the assembling together of a number of persons seeking communion with the spirits who have passed from earth to the world of souls. The chief advantage of such an assembly is the mutual impartation and reception of the combined magnetisms of the assemblage, which form a force stronger than that of an isolated subject—enabling spirits to commune with greater power and developing the latent gifts of mediumship.

The first conditions to be observed relate to the persons who compose the circle. These should be, as far as possible, of opposite temperament, as positive and negative; of moral characters, pure minds, and not marked by repulsive points of either physical or mental condition. No person suffering from disease, or of debilitated physique, should be present at any circle, unless it is formed expressly for healing purposes. I would recommend the number of the circle never to be less than three, or more than twelve. The best number is eight. No person of a strong positive temperament should be present, as any such magnetic spheres emanating from the circle will overpower that of the spirits, who must always be positive to the circle in order to produce phenomena.

Never let the apartment be over-heated; the room should be well ventilated. Avoid strong light, which, by producing motion in the atmosphere, disturbs the manifestations. A subdued light is the most favorable for spiritual magnetism.

I recommend the seance to be opened with prayer or a song sung in chorus, after which subdued, harmonizing conversation is better than wearisome silence; but let the conversation be directed toward the purpose of the gathering, and never sink into discussion or rise to emphasis. Always have a pencil and paper on the table, avoid entering or quitting the room, irrelevant conversation, or disturbances within or without the circle after the seance has commenced.

Do not admit unpunctual comers, nor suffer the air of the room to be disturbed after the sitting commences. Nothing but necessity, indisposition, or impressions, should warrant the disturbance of the sitting, which should never exceed two hours, unless an extension of time be solicited by the spirits.

Let the seance extend to one hour, even if no results are obtained; it sometimes requires that time for spirits to form their battery. Let it be also remembered that circles are experimental, hence no one should be discouraged if phenomena are not produced at the first few sittings. Stay with the same circle for six sittings; if no phenomena are then produced, you may be sure you are not assimilated to each other; in that case, let the members meet with other persons until you succeed.

A well-developed test medium may sit without injury for any person, but a circle sitting for mutual development should never admit persons addicted to bad habits, strongly positive or dogmatical. A candid inquiring spirit is the only proper frame of mind in which to sit for phenomena, the delicate magnetism of which is made or marred as much by mental as physical conditions.

Impressions are the voices of spirits, or the monitions of the spirit within us, and should always be followed out, unless suggestive of wrong in act or word. At the opening of the circle, one or more are often impressed to change seats with others. One or more are impressed to withdraw, or a feeling of repulsion makes it painful to remain. Let these impressions be faithfully regarded, and pledge each other that no offense shall be taken by following impressions.

If a strong impression to write, speak, sing, dance, or gesticulate, possess any mind present, follow it out faithfully. It has a meaning if you can not at first realize it. Never feel hurt in your own person, nor ridicule your neighbor for any failures to express or discover the meaning of the spirit impressing you.

Spirit control is often deficient, and at first imperfect. By often yielding to it your organism becomes more flexible, and the spirit more experienced; and practice in control is necessary for spirits as well as mortals. If dark and evil-disposed spirits manifest to you, never drive them away, but always strive to elevate them, and treat them as you would mortals, under similar circumstances. Do not always attribute falsehoods to "lying spirits," or deceiving mediums. Many mistakes occur in the communion of which you can not always be aware.

Unless charged by spirits to do otherwise do not continue to hold sittings with the same parties for more than a twelvemonth. After that time, if not before, fresh elements of magnetism are essential. Some of the original circle should withdraw, and others take their places.

Never seek the spirit circle in a trivial or deceptive spirit. Then, and then only, have you cause to fear it.

Never permit any one to sit in circles who suffers from it in health or mind. Magnetism in the case of such persons is a drug, which operates perniciously, and should be carefully avoided.

Every seventh person can be a medium of some kind, and become developed through the judicious operations of the spirit circle. When once mediums are fully developed, the circle sometimes becomes injurious to them. When they feel this to be the case, let none be offended if they withdraw, and only use their gifts in other times and places.

All persons are subject to spirit influence and guidance, but only one in seven can so externalize this power as to become what is called a medium; and let it ever be remembered that trance speakers, no less than mediums for any other gift, can never be influenced by spirits far beyond their own normal capacity in the matter of the intelligence rendered, the magnetism of the spirits being but a quickening fire, which inspires the brain, and, like a hot-house process on plants, forces into prominence latent powers of the mind, but creates nothing. Even in the case of merely automatic speakers, writers, rappers, and other forms of test mediumship, the intelligence of the spirit is measurably shaped by the capacity and idiosyncrasies of the medium. All spirit power is limited in expression by the organism through which it works, and spirits may control, inspire, and influence the human mind, but do not change or re-create it.—Emma Hardinge-Britten.

PUBLICATIONS.

NEW INSPIRATIONAL SONGS.

BY C. PAYSON LONGLEY.

Author of "Over the River," and other popular Melodies.
Beautiful Home of the Soul.
Come in Thy Beauty, Angel of Light
Gathering Flowers in Heaven.
In Heaven We'll know Our Own.
I'm Going to My Home.
Love's Golden Chain.
Our Beautiful Home Over There.
Our Beautiful Home Above.
Oh! Come, for My Poor Heart is Breaking.
Once it was only Soft Blue Eyes.
The City just Over the Hill.
The Golden Gates are Left Ajar.
Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair.
Who Sings My Child to Sleep?
We're Coming, Sisters.
We'll all Meet again in the Morning Land
When the Dear Ones Gather at Home.
Only a Thin Veil Parting Us.
Child of the Golden Sunshine.
Home of My Beautiful Dreams.

Single song 25 cts., or 5 for One Dollar, sent postpaid
For sale at the office of the GOLDEN GATE.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL AN ENTIRELY NEW BOOK

The most wonderfully complete collection of the absolutely useful and practical which has ever been published in any nation on the globe. A marvel of every-day value and actual money-earning and money-saving to every possessor. Hundreds upon hundreds of beautiful and helpful engravings. Its extraordinary low price beyond competition. Nothing in the whole history of the book trade like it. Select something of real value to the people, and sales are sure. Agents looking for a new and first-class book, write for full description and terms. Thirty days' time given Agents without capital.

SCAMMELL & CO., Box 877,
ST. LOUIS, MO., or PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE N. D. C. AXE AND TRUE KEY-STONE,

A FOUR-PAGE WEEKLY JOURNAL

Especially devoted to the Development of Mediumship, and official organ of The National Developing Circle. Terms of Subscription, \$1.50 per annum, which includes a year's certificate of membership in the N. D. C. Sample copy free.

Send for book, "How to Become a Medium in your own Home," and a perfectly sealed letter designating all your phases of mediumship; all for fifteen cents. Address

N. B. Corner Eighth and Mount Streets,
SEP-24 CINCINNATI, Ohio.

THE MEDIUMISTIC EXPERIENCES

OF

JOHN BROWN, THE MEDIUM OF THE ROCKIES,

With an Introduction by Prof. J. S. Loveland.

This work is not a biography, but simply a part of the mediumistic life of the author. No claim is put forth of literary finish. To make the book readable and comprehensible has been the only aim of the author and editor; and as the former had no education in early life, and has acquired through his mediumship most of what he now possesses, it furnishes another illustration of the good of Spiritualism. Cloth, pp. 157. Price, \$1.00. For sale at this office.

THE CARRIER DOVE.

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine, devoted to Spiritualism and Reform.

Edited by Mrs. J. SCHLESINGER.

Each number will contain the Portraits and Biographical Sketches of prominent Mediums and Spiritual workers of the Pacific Coast, and elsewhere. Also, Spirit Pictures by our Artist Mediums. Lectures, essays, poems, spirit messages, editorials and miscellaneous items. DR. L. SCHLESINGER, Publishers. Mrs. J. SCHLESINGER, 32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, California.

Address, THE CARRIER DOVE,

32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, California.



Send as above for Illustrated Book Catalogue Free.

JUST PUBLISHED,

"Physical Proofs of Another Life."

Given in Letters to the Seybert Commission.

By FRANCIS J. LIPPIETT.

25 cents.

A. S. WITHERBEE & CO.,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE WATCHMAN.

An 8-page Monthly Journal, devoted to the Interests of Humanity and Spiritualists. Also, a mouth-piece of the American and Eastern Congress in Spirit Life.

WATCHMAN, Spirit Editor.

Published by Boston Star and Crescent Co., 1000 Central Park Avenue, Millard Post Station, Chicago, Illinois.

Hattie A. Berry, Editress and Manager; Arthur B. Shedd, Assistant Manager.

Terms of Subscription (in advance)—One year, \$1.00; Six months, 50 cents; Clubs of ten, \$5.00; Single copies, 10 cents; Sample copies, free.

ALCYONE FREE FOR TWO MONTHS.

ALCYONE is a 16-page Monthly Journal devoted to the spread of the Philosophy and Phenomena of Spiritualism, WITHOUT RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

H. A. BUDINGTON, Editor.

Sent free for two months, to those only who enclose 10 cents in stamps with the order. One dollar a year.

Issued by the STAR PUBLISHING COMPANY.

dec 10 93 Sherman Street, Springfield, Mass

THE ALTRUIST

Is a monthly paper, partly in Phonetic spelling, and devoted to common property, united labor, Community homes, and equal rights to all. It is published by the Mutual Aid Community, whose members all live and work together, and hold all their property in common, all the men and women having equal rights in electing officers and deciding all business affairs by their majority vote. Fifty cents a year; specimen copy free. Address, A. LONGLEY, Editor, 213 North 9th street, St. Louis, Mo.

"BEYOND,"

A RECORD OF REAL LIFE IN THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY OVER THE RIVER AND BEYOND.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS

For Sale at this office.

THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

A monthly FREE magazine. No communication rejected on account of the sentiment expressed. The editor reserves the right to be as frank in the expression of his views as the correspondents. Each writer is solely responsible for his or her own opinions. Each number contains 48 pages. Price, \$2.00 a volume; 25 cents for a single number. Address, H. L. GREEN, Editor and Publisher, Salamanca, N. Y.

THE ALTRUIST.

Devoted to Community Homes, United Labor, Common Property, and equal rights to all. Issued monthly, at St. Louis, Mo. Fifty cents a year.

Nellie Morris.

Continued from First Page.

died of consumption in Philadelphia some three years ago. When informed by her father of what "Daisy" had said, and that he had written to Philadelphia for information, she asked to whom he had written, and said, "Papa, write to the proprietor of Hotel St. George in that city, and he will tell you all about her." When asked where that Hotel was located, she pondered a moment, and replied, "I think I see Broad street and Walnut, but am not quite sure."

The next day the General wrote as recommended, simply asking if E. Joy Morris had a daughter Nellie, and would he describe her? For reply he received: "Yes, and she died at this hotel about four years ago. She was very beautiful and beloved, had magnificent golden hair, light grey eyes, and was more than ordinarily tall in person, and graceful in manner."

At the seance of May 24th Miss Carrie was much pleased to learn from her father that all she had said about Nellie Morris had been verified, and added that Nellie was an Episcopalian, and that they sang some of the Episcopal chants together. Miss Lippitt, though dying a Catholic, was reared in the Episcopal church. This fact, the General has good reasons to know, the medium could not have been acquainted with.

At the seance of May 26th a tall spirit came to him, calling herself "Nellie." She made repeated efforts to give her other name, but without success. He said, "Is it Nellie Morris?" She answered, "Yes," and was much pleased at being recognized. He asked if he might stand by her side, in order to find how tall she was. She said: "Certainly," and he found that she must be five feet six inches at least. In a long conversation which followed, she answered all questions, and in a manner indicating a marked individuality, and a bright and cultivated mind. *Inter multa alia*, she told us she "lost her mother when a baby; that her relations with her step-mother had not been harmonious; that she was happy now; that her early childhood was passed in Constantinople, where her father was the United States Minister; that she died at Hotel St. George, in Philadelphia, when about nineteen years old, of a galloping consumption, in January, or in very cold weather." She added that the hotel proprietor had flattered her in one thing, as her "hair was not golden, but flaxen." The General asked for a lock of it, and she said, "Not now, but another time."

At the seance of the 28th she was shown a picture of Gen. Lippitt's daughter, and said: "It is a picture of Carrie, but not so pretty as she is now." Before retiring she asked for a pair of scissors, and cut off a lock of her hair, which the General submitted to the English Committee for examination. He found it in the daylight to be really flaxen, with a shimmer of gold in the sunshine.

At a seance held June 16th Nellie came again to him and sang the "Gloria in Excelsis" entirely through. She came to him again that Summer at Onset, Mass., where Mrs. Beste was located for the time. The cabinet was simply a corner of the room, across which a dark cloth had been hung. Nellie gave her name, saying, "Do you remember me? I passed away with consumption; was nineteen years old. Am very fond of Carrie."

Gen. Lippitt heard no more of Nellie Morris until March 22d of the following year, 1886, when he attended a seance in Washington by P. L. O. A. Keeler. He is perfectly sure that the medium had never heard the name of Nellie Morris, yet writings were made behind the curtain which were signed by her name, and addressed to him. Other similar writings have since come through this medium, and in the same feminine hand.

On the 1st of July, 1886, on his way to Onset, Mass., the General stopped in Philadelphia, and found the proprietor of Hotel St. George, which was at the corner of Broad and Walnut streets, and showed him the lock of hair. He instantly recognized it as that of "Nellie Morris." He also called upon Mrs. E. Joy Morris, who, with her daughter, also recognized it. These ladies were astonished at the narrative of their visitor, but corroborated the statements made by Nellie. She said Nellie attended St. Luke's church, and that she supposed she could sing the chants with the congregation, and confirmed other characteristics manifested by Nellie in her return.

On the 10th of July, at Onset, at a sining with the writing medium, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, to whom Gen. Lippitt was entirely unknown, he received a long letter signed "Carrie," and another beginning with "My dear Friend," and signed "Nellie." At several subsequent seances letters were received, signed "Nellie Morris" and "Ikabod," an eccentric control of hers, spoke of her to Gen. Lippitt, and referred to the friendship existing between the two young ladies, and also said, "Nellie Morris wishes to get, through you, at her family, who are hard to approach, and she desires to remind you of the lock of hair she gave you." No word had ever been uttered about Nellie Morris, or her lock of hair. The mother of Carrie, on writing to her husband through the same medium, on Aug. 18, said, "Nellie, the child of our adoption, is a source of perpetual sunshine."

On the preceding July 10th, at a materialization seance with Mrs. Ross (at On-

set), to whom I had never mentioned this name or circumstances, a female form, veiled, came to me and said, "Morris," but could not get the other name, although she struggled to give it to him. Asking "Bright Star," the medium's control, she reported that it was "Ella." He said, "Are you sure, is it not Helen?" "No," "May it not be Nellie?" "Yes, but the name as I hear it is Ella." The spirit re-appeared and expressed joy at being recognized, and as she withdrew said, "I came to help Carrie; to give her strength. Miss Carrie had already come and retired. Upon writing to Mrs. E. Joy Morris, he received for reply, "She was named Ella for her mother."

Again, upon July 25th, Nellie Morris came to him, at a seance with Mrs. Beste, and gave her name. General Lippitt asked, "Shall I write your step-mother to come." She replied, "They will not believe. I was not happy with them," and retired.

On Aug. 1st, at a materialization seance of Miss Gertrude Berry, at Onset, she came and gave her name as "Nellie Morris." In the evening, at a similar seance with Mrs. Bessie Huston, she gave her name as "Ella." As to her other name, she said, "It is somehow gone from me," and retired.

Afterward, in Boston, on the 22d of August, he attended two materialization seances, and at both these seances the medium, Mrs. Fairchild, took him up to the cabinet, where stood a spirit form, who gave him her name as "Ella." On his asking if he had ever known her in earth-life, she answered, "No." "Why, then, do you come to me?" She answered, "I am attracted to you. I am a friend of one belonging to you."

General Lippitt desires to state another fact: Whenever a materialized form has come to him, purporting to be wife, mother or daughter, he has always been received with an affectionate embrace; but the spirit calling herself Nellie Morris, or Ella, has invariably met him as any modest maiden would in earth-life, simply offering him her hand.

General Lippitt prepared the above statement from the very full notes made at the time of each occurrence, so that he has entire confidence in its accuracy.

This narrative, as published in the *Journal* above referred to, is followed by copies of the letters received in reply to inquiries addressed to the hotel proprietor, and to Mrs. E. Joy Morris; and also by letters from Dr. P. O. Jenkins, and Darius Lyman of Washington, who were present at several of the Washington seances.

Mr. Bundy, of the *Religio-Philosophical*, having been consulted by members of the Psychical Committee, in relation to the genuineness of the seven mediums who had taken part in the aforesaid seances, replied by sweepingly denouncing the whole as fraudulent, or unreliable, except Mrs. Huston, of whom, as she was new in the field, he knew nothing. Gen. Lippitt, being made acquainted with this part of the affair, replied in a long letter, saying that he "knew not whether at all times they had been saints or sinners, but that this was certain, that as to Mrs. Sawyer and Fairchild, there was, in his case, no physical possibility of fraud; and that as to Mr. Keeler (whose seances I have attended for seven years), and Mrs. Beste (whose seances I have now attended for six years), and Mrs. Ross (whose seances I have attended for three years), I know that their manifestations were genuine; because, in the first place, their seances have been under such conditions, as to render fraud physically impossible; and secondly, I have had through them such proofs of spirit identity as to make the question whether the conditions were such as to exclude fraud, to be really a matter of no importance."

In relation to the unreliability of the *Religio*, as to statements unfavorable to materializing mediums, he gives as his method of treatment the fact that in 1874, at the request of the editor of the *Banner of Light*, I repaired to Philadelphia to ascertain and report the real facts as to the alleged "Katie King" confession. After a two weeks' investigation, in conjunction with Col. Olcott I returned to Boston, and wrote out my report. It was published in two parts, in two successive issues of the *Banner*. The *Religio* copied the first part entire, praising the intelligence and conscientiousness displayed in the investigation, and promising the other part to its readers in the next issue. But the results arrived at and given in the second part vindicated the Holmeses, and showed that the romantic confession was a pure fiction, which an illiterate woman of bad character, named Eliza White, had been bribed to sign and swear to as "Katie King." So, instead of publishing the second part, the *Religio* dismissed the subject in a few lines, stating it was not worth publishing, and calling the writer, substantially, a silly idiot, who had evidently been imposed upon.

Again he referred to myself, who had told him that some time ago I had been an acceptable contributor of the *Religio*. Upon being convinced at very remarkable seances of Mrs. Beste's (held under the strictest test conditions), of the genuineness of her materializations, I wrote an account of them for the *Religio*. But the editor declined to publish it, and wrote to me, saying, "he was sorry that she had also become one of the deluded." This is true.

As to the phosphorized oil, and the phosphorescent dresses said to be used by one medium, Gen. Lippitt says: "Mrs.

Beste's seances are held in entire darkness, and the forms that appear are, as to their drapery, self-luminous. The luminosity is not phosphorescent. There is never any odor of phosphorus, nor are there ever any of those wavy and smoky appearances attendant on phosphorescent lights shining in the darkness. Accordingly, the skeptics now insist that the luminosity is induced by luminous paint.

Here is an experiment, showing that neither phosphorus nor luminous paint has anything to do with it. At one of Mrs. Beste's seances, a spirit form came to Professor Coues of Washington, (I sitting next to him), who gave him her name and was recognized by him. I held my white handkerchief close to her white and luminous dress, in fact touching it. The handkerchief was visible, but absolutely black. She said, "Give it to me, and I will make it white again." I gave it to her, and after rolling it about a moment or two in her hands, which were not luminous, she returned it to me as white as her dress. "And now," she said, "I will make it black again." I handed it to her, and after rolling it in her hands, she returned it to me as black as before. Dr. Coues repeated the experiment, and with the same results. It is obvious that these changes from black to white, and then from white to black again, could not have been operated by the use of either phosphorus or luminous paint."

General Lippitt has of late published a reply to the dishonest and untruthful account given by the Seybert Commission of their seance with Keeler. It is a pamphlet of sixty-five pages. It is published by Witherbee & Co., of Washington, D. C., and contains scientific statements of Keeler's seances, with measurements accurately made and registered of length of medium's arm, and of distances from him at which phenomena occur. He arrays these Commissioners at the bar of justice, for delinquency in making their investigations thorough, as well as for garbling the truth in their report, and says, "Your report of P. L. O. A. Keeler's seance shows on its face an entire willingness, not to say a predetermination, on your part to convict him of fraud, without the slightest regard to the facts observed."

The public of Spiritualists, as well as the mediums referred to here, are under great obligations to General Lippitt for his clear story, and its accompanying letters and affidavits. These latter were useful in England, but it is not necessary to reproduce them in this country.

KILLINGLY, Conn.

Why?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

"Why has Spiritualism no temples, no institutions of charity or learning, no financial foothold in the world?" Why? That's the question. I have asked that question a thousand times, and a thousand times the answer has come back to me, "Why?" I have many times seen the attempt made, not only to organize societies and to build houses wherein to meet, but to institute colleges of learning, where our children could be educated free from the trammels and dogmas of the superstitions of the past, but each and every time the effort has proved abortive, and to-day we still find ourselves in the condition of masterly inactivity, and I well may ask, "Is it not because of the wrangling and inharmonious among its believers, caused by their lack of true spirituality?"

Now, after years of thought and study, and I may say effort to change things, I have almost changed my mind, for I discover that in spite of our seeming indifference, in spite of our jangling, and I was about to say backbiting, the cause has gone steadily forward, widening, deepening, increasing in volume and in force, and I do much question that if we in the start had organized, had instituted places of learning, had built temples of worship, that we would have accomplished as much as has been accomplished for the cause; and sometimes I think that the temples that Spiritualists shall build are not temples made with hands.

I think the tendency of Spiritualism is to individualize humanity, and to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's. Sometimes I think that were we to organize on the world's plan, we would, like the churches, become clannish and selfish, and even purse-proud. Have we or can we have funds to put into fine temples of worship or of learning, when there are so many thousands of earth's children without homes! so many who are in want! so many who are needing our assistance! Would it not be better for Spiritualists to work in the direction of benefiting mankind at large, in trying to induce Congressional and State aid in assisting the homeless to procure homes, both in town and in the country? Give them an object to work for, and it will do more to harmonize them than all that can be said on that subject. Would it not be a glorious thing if it could be said that there was not a homeless and homeless family in all America?

Christ said, "The poor ye have always with you," or words to that effect. While this will always remain a great truth, there can be no good reason why we should not make the effort. Who will start the ball?

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, August 15, 1888.

Letter from Addie L. Ballou.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Leaving our dear city by the sundown sea, with its activity, and in the midst of its gaiety, in the flush of holiday attire, and in the entertainment of its guests from everywhere where civilization has a schoolhouse, our journey towards morning lands was one of no unusual moment, until we reached the "City of the Saints," and the "Dead Sea" of our own desert country, Salt Lake, where, changing from the main line of the railroad, we took the excursion route over the Santa Fe and Rio Grande to Denver, via Pueblo and the Narrow Gauge.

Whatever the discomfort that may be occasioned from the less elegance and ease, as compared with our former Pullman, in the exchange to this line and more crowded compartments, it was happily atoned for in the surprises that greeted us during the last half of the route. Our way stretched out over valleys and through rocky gorges and canons, winding about, above and below lovely water-falls and streams, and beside and below, or tunneled through, the massive piles of rocks that lay in perpendicular walls, sometimes towering high above us like castellated walls that stand sentinel over the decaying ruins of long deserted cities, whose grand immensity survived only in the wonder world of the dead centuries, and whose tracery limned only in massive monuments, built by the living ages of historic grandeur, as the tomb tablets of departed time to a convulsed continent.

To describe the extravagances of nature in this ascent and descent of the Rocky Mountains, would call for the better fire of a Regasac, rather than my poor pen; and yet, with the memory of all that lay out before us on that afternoon, as winding about to reach the summit, the lines of steel rail lay in nearly parallel loops below us, three and sometimes four grades of them to be seen in one vision—and as we turned and passed through the succession of snow sheds, and out on to the descending tracks, a storm of cloud and rain prevailed over a distant limit of its mountain heights, partly obscuring them in mist and shadow, while between the lesser hills, at their bases, the sun shone softly out, lighting all the intervening valleys, and making a veritable paradise of color for the gods of nature-loving art, in which to dip the enthused brush, and cause crate, palette, and easel. And thus, on passing the Royal Gorge and Wenshall Pass, in such enthusiasm of observation as only the grandest scenes of nature can inspire, to lovers of the same, till reaching Colorado Springs, where we left the open car, and darkness and night shut out the visions of the day's possibilities.

A halt at Denver of a few hours, as a necessity through incorrect tickets, developed the certainty of the kindness and consideration of the railroad officials, to whom thanks are due on many occasions. Courtesy costs little, but is not always the fashion, and when received should be duly appreciated; and in this case it saved me both time and much extra expense. Stopping off midway through Kansas, to see dear faces of children, was met by my daughter, Evangeline, who finished the journey with me to the camp-meeting in Michigan.

At Chicago, we called at the office of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, where old-time friends, Col. Bundy and his co-worker, J. R. Francis, gave us a cordial greeting not soon to be forgotten.

Bro. Francis has taken to himself of late another half, in the person of a "little artist," and looks the better for this change. With characteristic persistence in research and writing, he is at work compiling facts for a new publication, whose subject is of the "Hypnotic," though its title is forgotten.

Accepting Col. Bundy's invitation to dine, we found himself and family domiciled at his lovely residence near the shores of Lake Michigan, and Lincoln Park, removed from the dust and turmoil of down town. Col. Bundy's beautiful home is built after the newly developed American style of architecture, which is so charmingly unique, yet so difficult of description. To say what is due of the hospitality this home and its inmates always extend, were more than their high sense of fraternity would sanction.

At Paw Paw, Michigan, the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Warner was open to us, and weary travelers found rest; and on Saturday and Sunday, the 4th and 5th of August, the camp-meeting at Lake Cora was well attended, and a very enjoyable occasion. The lake is a beautiful sheet of water, bordered with low green banks, and shadowy groves, within which white tents of campers were dotted here and there about the speaker's stand.

These quarterly meetings have become to the Spiritualists of the Peninsular State a feature of its history. They were established, and on a permanent footing, sixteen or eighteen years ago, when often times my own line of pilgrimage led me here, in the days when the faces of many of the old workers were familiar, among which were those of J. M. Peebles, Giles Stebbins, S. B. Whiting, Moses Hall, and others, and the old and wrinkled, dusky face of Sojourner Truth lit up with earnest inspiration where human need required a champion.

Among the names there familiar was that of Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, who now resides at South Haven, and who was one of the regular speakers on this occasion,

and with whom it is delightful to meet and listen to her eloquent and earnest words. Also Mrs. Wisner, of Benton Harbor, and a new but eloquent speaker, L. V. Moulton, of Grand Rapids, together with the writer, and others, several of whom contributed in short speeches. The music furnished was by the Texas brass band; violin, by Mr. Davis; organ and vocal, my daughter, Evangeline. Not a small feature of interest in the singing was that of the twin sisters, Harris, nine years old, who have been in attendance at many of these meetings, and whose little childish ways and sweet-voiced songs contribute much to the enjoyment of the same. The gathering at the lake, on Sunday, was a large one, and, as all felt, a successful one. Thus speeds the good cause.

On Monday we left the kind hospitality of these friends to complete the journey to this place, where, sheltered affectionately under the roof of my own dear son and family, am glad to write you that, for the present, here we rest.

ADDIE L. BALLOU.

CARNEY, Mich., August 12, 1888.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.—J. G. Holland says: "I believe in women. I believe they are the sweetest, purest, most unselfish, best part of the human race. I have no doubt on this subject whatever. They sing the melody in all human life, as well as the melody in music. They carry the leading part, at least in the sense that they are a step in advance of us, all the way in the journey heavenward. I believe that they can not move very widely out of the sphere which they now occupy, and remain as good as they now are; and I deny that my belief rests upon any sentimentality or jealousy, or any other weak or unworthy basis. A man who has experienced a mother's devotion, a wife's self-sacrificing love, and a daughter's affection, and is grateful for all, may be weakly sentimental about some things, but not about women. He would help every woman he loves to the exercise of all the rights which hold dignity and happiness for her. He would fight that she might have those rights, if necessary; but he would rather have her lose her voice entirely than to bear her sound a bass note as long as a demi-semi-quaver."

GETTING AROUND AN OBSTRUCTION.—"Stevie," a bright four-year-old, had been told that he must not ask for anything to eat when visiting the neighbors. Soon after, at the house of a distant relative, where he invariably found something to eat, he hung around with a wistful sort of look, until finally he broke out: "Aunt Jane, I'm awful thirsty."

"Are you?"
"Yes. I am so thirsty I could eat a doughnut."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DOBBINS'

Electric Soap!

THE BEST FAMILY SOAP IN THE WORLD!

It is Strictly Pure. Uniform in Quality.

THE original formula for which we paid \$25,000 TWENTY YEARS AGO has never been modified or changed in the slightest. This soap is identical in quality today with that made twenty years ago! It contains nothing that can injure the finest fabric. It brightens colors and bleaches whites. It washes garments and blankets as no other soap in the world does—without shrinking—leaving them soft and white and like new.

READ THIS TWICE.

THERE is a great saving of time, of labor, of soap, of fuel, and of the fabric, where Dobbins' Electric Soap is used according to directions. ONE trial will demonstrate its great merit. It will save you to make this trial. USE all these things, it is extensively imitated and counterfeited.

Beware of Imitations.

INSIST upon Dobbins' Electric. Don't take Magnetic, Electro-Magic, Philadelphia Electric, or any other brand, simply because it is cheap. They will ruin clothes, and are dear at any price. Ask for

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC.

And take no other. Nearly every grocer from Maine to Mexico keeps it in stock. If yours hasn't it, he will order from his nearest wholesale grocer.

READ carefully the inside wrapper around each bar, and be careful to follow directions on each outside wrapper. You can not afford to wait longer before trying for yourself this old, reliable, and truly wonderful

Dobbins' * Electric * Soap.

Dr. J. D. MacLennan,

THE HEALER,

1410 OCTAVIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO,

DET. GRAVY AND POST STS.,

ES. Take the Geary or Sutter Street Cars. 63

Consultation and Examination, : : Free.

Send for a FREE COPY of the "NATURAL DOCTOR."

SHEW'S Photograph Gallery,

No. 523 Kearny Street,

SAN FRANCISCO. : : : : Call.

What is the use of paying five and six dollars per dozen for Cabinet Photographs, on Montgomery and Market streets, when the very best work can be obtained at this Gallery for half the price.

Children's Cabinet Pictures taken by the instantaneous process for three dollars per dozen; and, no matter how excellent, a good likeness guaranteed.

GOLDEN GATE.

Published every Saturday by the "GOLDEN GATE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY," at

734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

TRUSTEES:

AMOS ADAMS, PRESIDENT; L. C. STEELE, VICE-PRESIDENT; DR. HENRY ROGERS, TREASURER; DR. JOHN ALLYN AND J. J. OWEN.

J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER; MEL. MATTHEW P. OWEN, SECRETARY AND ASSISTANT; R. B. HALL, GENERAL AGENT.

TERMS:—\$1.00 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.00 or six months. Clubs of five (mailed to separate addresses), \$5.00, and extra copy to the sender. Send money by postal order, when possible; otherwise by express.

ADVERTISING should be addressed to: "GOLDEN GATE," No. 734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1888.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

The Spiritualist whose faith is shaken in our grand truths, and who is disposed to reject the whole, because forsooth he may have been deceived by some confederate playing spirit at a materializing seance, would throw all his gold into the sea because he found a spurious coin in his pocket.

The man who is eternally muck-raking for the evil in his neighbors, sometimes finds his own gutters and back yards exposed and overhauled in a way he little dreamed of. It is not Christ-like to strike back, but there are cases where nature puts in a plea of justifiable homicide, and the world, which is far from just, looks on and commends.

If the man who poisons his exhalations with tobacco could only realize what a walking stench he makes of himself to all clean persons, he would surely abandon the nasty habit. But he doesn't. He imagines his breath to be as sweet as the "balm of a thousand flowers," when in fact the mal-odor of a tan yard is attar of roses in comparison. Many a sensitive and finely organized wife has no doubt yielded up the ghost on the altar of a tobacco-smirched husband—gone up higher where the air is purer.

God does not expect us to be eternally praising Him. He has no vanity requiring any such adulation from the children of His creation. Neither does he expect us to go through life, mourning continually for our sins. But he does by His Spirit appeal to us to be manly, to be upright, to be charitable and kind, to be true and steadfast to the monitor within, to be wise rulers of the temple we live in, and so live that when the last summons comes, each and every one may leave the world better than he found it.

What an unnatural idea of the All-Good has orthodoxy given to the world! Take Calvinism, with its cruel doctrine of election to eternal misery; take that "mathematical contradiction," as Ingersoll styles it, known as the Trinity, which nobody can explain or understand; take the atonement—the shifting of the sins of the world upon the shoulders of a pure and innocent person, and then killing him to satisfy Eternal Justice;—in short, take the infantile stories of the Creator, running through both Testaments, and how puerile they all seem to the enlightened reason. Such, surely, is not the God that all Nature worships.

A person visiting foreign lands finds it necessary for his convenience to change his money into the current coin of the realm whither he goes. Here is a hint to those about to visit the realm of the "Beyond." But how, do you ask, can the traveler, in this case, change his wealth into currency that will be of any use to him "over there"? We answer, He must spiritualize it, that is, convert it into noble deeds for the uplifting of humanity. He who gives wisely receives. As his deposits diminish here they increase there. Every rich man has it in his power to enter spirit life a prince; or he may go, as goes the galley slave, "scourged by his dungeon" by the lash of his own selfishness.

It is generally understood among investigators of psychic phenomena that the qualities essential for physical mediumship are quite as independent of conscience or morality as is the gift of poetry or painting. There is a disposition [with many Spiritualists] to tolerate dishonesty in mediums for the sake of their mediumship. This is a grave mistake, and leads to disaster to the cause. And here we should learn to discriminate between the work of tricky or undeveloped spirits, who sometimes use mediums to their disadvantage, and the practice of deliberate fraud, such as the employment of confederates, the use of prepared paraphernalia, etc. In the former case we should be lenient and charitable; in the latter, it is wrong to both spirits and mortals to seek to condone or palliate. Such mediums should be "driven from the synagogue," and made to do penance until they can reform their ways. The medium who cheats in one phase should not be credited or tolerated in any other.

What a world this would be if all would live and act at their best—that is, as they could live, if they would, notwithstanding all their imperfections, all their ignorance, and all their tendency to evil. The toper would cease his tipping, and save his earnings to carry joy to his family; the wrong-doer of every description would turn from his evil practices and live in the better side of his nature. Fault-finding, cross-grained husbands and wives would become lovers again, and their children would rejoice and grow up in the sunshine of happy homes. We should then only hear good of everybody. The seller would consult the interests of the buyer, and the buyer of the seller. We should all take a friendly interest in each other's welfare, and together jog along happily side by side to the better country. Is it not glorious to think such things possible?

It is evidently the privilege as it is the duty of every individual to get out of life all the happiness possible. This can be accomplished only through the possession of a healthy physical body, and a proper adjustment of one's self to one's environment. As moral beings we can not be happy at the expense or unhappiness of another. We can not trench upon another's rights in this respect. Herein is where man differs from the brute. The latter recognizes only the law of might, and its happiness consists only of physical enjoyment. The big dog has no pricking of conscience for robbing the smaller one of its bone. Some men are made so nearly in that way that they can enjoy ill-gotten gains. Whoever can should know thereby that there is something wrong with them, and that they will have a long way to climb before they can reach a perfect manhood.

ROOM ENOUGH, YET CROWDED.

It is shown, from time to time, that the earth is not overcrowded. M. Ganeval says that he finds, after allowing five acres to each individual, that Europe has room for an additional population of 115,000,000; Africa for 1,336,000,000; Asia for 1,402,000,000; Oceania for 515,000,000; and America for 2,900,000,000.

The above is doubtless correct as to figures, but these great unpeopled portions of our globe are in most respects hostile to human life and its multiplication. The earth is thus far from being under man's dominion. His progress in the arts and sciences and inventions, however, place within his power the means of subduing, to a great extent, these adverse forces of nature. But these obstacles will never be overcome by what is called our surplus population.

There is a selfish, and perhaps a natural, clinging to the kind, soft spots of earth, especially by those whom circumstances have favored with the means and intelligence of extending and improving the resources of our little planet. One nation is ready enough for conquest of another, but when it comes to battling with nature, with no lives in the balance but their own, a sudden desire to be excused is manifest, and the waste places are left to the roving spirits of the air.

Sometimes schemes for the colonization of far-off places seize the mind of someone, but with generally one result, that has become proverbial. Nations, like individuals, see no value in a thing, unless others are striving for, or possess it. Then they want it, and by one means or another manage to get it, or something just like it close beside it.

Notwithstanding the vast room yet on earth, the world is being crowded into small places, where each one is hanging on for dear life, as though encompassed by the hungry waves. A few possess the land upon which the many toil, and the possessors are watching each other with jealous eyes. The workers die off by famine and pestilence, and the idlers live on and multiply, and make war and continue to enslave whomever they can. Mother earth has given treasure enough to her children to make all but the frozen North blossom as the rose, but it will never be thus applied, and the waste places will remain such for ages to come.

THE HEART

The present is an era of almost universal education of the head. Young people are taught "etiquette" and "deportment" and "carriage" and "facial control," and all those outward means that pass current in society for the "fashionable proprieties." These are mainly all mistakes, for the reason that there is not laid a foundation for their permanency.

The heart is forgotten, and while the head is being crammed with odds and ends of modern learning, and the polishing process going on, the heart is neglected, and its impulses left uncultivated and undirected. This is quite manifest in many ways; the frowns and sneers that one sees upon beautiful faces, and the harsh words of condemnation—of judgments formed without knowledge—are the surest proof we have that the head has been educated at the expense of the heart. This makes all the difference between good and bad manners.

"Some have but to bow and smile, and conquer the world." Why is this? Because the heart is kind and good, and its natural expression is good manners. In this we do not refer to people of the world, schooled in the false art of pleasing, but to those just coming upon life's stage, with their parts all untried.

Among these there is a natural difference—the difference that comes of home training of the affections and charities, and none at all. Nothing is more true than that bad manners are the outcroppings of deep veins of selfishness, and indifference to others' happiness. Look to the heart for good manners.

A QUESTION OF EVIDENCE.

The evidence upon which the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* based its recent charges against W. R. Colby, hinged mainly upon the alleged identity, by Mail Agent John F. Liphard, of a photograph of said Colby, which he claims to identify as the likeness of a man named W. J. Rains, who was sent to the Texas penitentiary thirteen years ago for robbing the mails.

This likeness of Colby represents him as he appears now, and shows a marked change in the appearance of the man as his pictures represent him at that time. That Liphard should recognize the picture forwarded to him by the editor of the *Religio*, after so long a period, as that of Rains, and that, too, without claiming that he was in possession of a photograph of Rains, with which to compare it, struck us as very unstable grounds upon which to make so serious a charge. Let us examine this witness more carefully:

Rains was a Baptist preacher living in Hearne, Texas, prior to his arrest and conviction—had lived there about eight months. During this period, he made the acquaintance of Mail Agent Liphard, who permitted him to enter his car, and assist in sorting his mails! After the first robbery of \$300, Liphard, not suspecting Rains, allowed the latter to place a lock of his own upon the door of his (Liphard's) mail car! A brilliant mail agent that, and one whose qualifications should entitle him to a leather medal from the Government.

Liphard states that, after the first robbery, Rains offered to assist him in bearing his loss; he took him to his home, and put up lunches for him to take upon his trips, to save him the expense of board, etc. From this we infer that the man had no family with him. Yet, in the same letter to the editor of the *Religio*, Liphard states that his wife also identified the likeness of Colby as that of Rains!

The positive identification of a man as the alias of another, by a photograph taken thirteen years after a few months' acquaintance with said person, is a kind of testimony that would be laughed out of any court in Christendom; and yet it is upon such testimony as this that a man's reputation is to be destroyed, his means of honest livelihood taken from him, and he made an outlaw and outcast in the land!

We must have some better evidence than this to change our opinion of a man, who for the past two years has walked uprightly and conducted himself properly in our midst.

J. J. MORSE'S WORK.

Washington Hall held a large and highly intellectual looking audience on Sunday evening last, to listen to the control of J. J. Morse, who discussed the subject of "Murder and Murderers, as Seen by the Spirits." Murder was defined as the unjust and unjustifiable doing to death of any human being; hence, soldiers slain in unjust wars, workers killed by unhealthy labor, or dying from privation through being underpaid; gluttons, drunkards, and evil livers, as well as those whose hearts were broken by malicious slanders or persistent ill-usage, were all as much victims of murder, as they whom the assassin dispatched to the other world.

Every murder had a cause—often as much in something pertaining to the victim, as in something related to the perpetrator. These causes being understood, their ultimate removal would, in time, be accomplished. Not all the fault rested upon the murderer.

Murderers were among the social failures of the times. Unbalanced brains, inharmonious natures, often born with the seeds of murder ranking in their blood, often made a possible murderer. Hanging them did but little real good. Put them where they could be educated and made useful, instead. The spirit world saw all the latent elements of divinity in all mankind. None were so base in expression but there was ample time in eternity, in which to effect the evolution of all that is good in our common nature. At the worst, a murderer is still a human being, an immortal soul. If, as is said, God did not hang the first murderer, why need civilized humanity do so?

The above are but a few of the thoughts expressed in the course of a highly instructive lecture, which, during its delivery, was frequently and warmly applauded.

Miss Florence Morse sang "In the Gloaming," and "A Dream of Peace," in her usual sweet and pleasing manner.

On Sunday evening next, Mr. Morse makes his last public appearance on the rostrum in this city, prior to his departure in October to fill his engagements in the East, which are all made, up to the time of his return to England, in September of next year. The subject selected by his controls for Sunday evening is: "The Future of Spiritualism Throughout the World." Friends are requested to come early, as no doubt the hall will be crowded to hear this able speaker for the last time.

PHILANTHROPY.—While there are almost infinite ways for doing good, there is but one means that can make it practical, either directly or indirectly, and this is money. The nineteenth century is an age of great fortunes, and of greater opportunities for turning them to good account. The gift of Baron Hirsch of ten million dollars to the Emperor of Russia, to found in that country primary schools for Hebrews, has not been and probably never will be equalled by another man in his life-time. That this is but one-eighth of the Baron's entire fortune, does not lessen its munificence, nor the great wisdom that prompted the gift. In no country to-day is the condition of the Jews more pitiable than in Russia, and we doubt whether there is another people who would so profit by a like charity. It will be to the three millions of them a certain step upward, out of darkness into light, out of bondage into freedom—that freedom which only intellectual enlightenment can give. But the Russian Jews are not the only ones whom the Baron has remembered. The Jews throughout Europe have

been subjects of his great bounty. The Baron is quite impartial, and all charities know him as their contributor.

WHERE IT BELONGS.

Selfishness is not confined to worldlings and sinners, but united to bigotry, is often a failing of professing Christians. A certain amount of both is possibly essential to the success and cohesion of organized bodies. But this selfishness is often found crystallized and unyielding to the common demands of humanity, in which we should all stand as one, bound to a single purpose—the uplifting of all human souls, regardless of creed or name.

The refusal of certain Methodist ministers to assist the Pandita Ramabai in her great and glorious mission on behalf of her benighted country women, because she is not a Methodist, is very much to be deplored, more especially in these times of liberal progression and good fellowship of all denominations. The odium of this bigotry will, however, rest not upon the Church, but upon single individuals, where it belongs.

Many brave and noble words have been uttered in opposition to the above by Methodist clergymen to whom it does not matter that the Pandita has not come to preach Christ, and Him crucified, but simply the wrongs and dark enthrallment of her sisters at home, whom she says are classed by the common people and the priesthood as cattle and sheep.

Was ever seventy-five thousand dollars asked for a more humane and righteous cause? But the work of educating Indian women properly belongs to England, who rules the country. The Empress of India would glorify her name by taking a hand in this herculean task.

THE BEASY BABIES.

We have had occasion heretofore to refer to the remarkable musical performance of four little girls, known as "the Beasy Babies," daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Beasy, of 48 Oak street, in this city. These little girls are named respectively, Jennie, Butterfly, Mayflower, and Violetta.

Jennie, the eldest, who has just turned eleven, is a fine, stately girl, self-possessed and modest. Her well-poised head is adorned with a heavy growth of blonde hair, which hangs about her waist. She possesses a very pleasing presence, and at once wins her way to the hearts of her audience. She plays both the piano and the violin, rendering the grandest classical music with exquisite skill and expression. Her *Carnival de Venice*, on the Violin we have rarely heard equaled.

Thence running down the gamut of ages to Violetta, here we have a little bright-eyed prodigy of only three years, playing upon the violin airs from the grand operas, including a pretty little composition of her own. Who can imagine such things possible of one so young? She also plays upon the piano with considerable skill.

The two little intermediate tots, aged six and eight respectively, are also fine musicians, playing both instruments with excellent execution. The four "babies" in concert upon the violin, constitute a performance not soon to be forgotten. And such a concert they gave at the residence of the writer, on Tuesday evening last.

Mr. and Mrs. Beasy, who are very pleasant and intelligent people, have reason to be justly proud of their "babies," as indeed they are. They are little geniuses, and the eldest is already an artist. She has led orchestras, and produced some excellent musical compositions of her own. The world will hear of these "babies" when they are no longer babies. The parents intend to give them every possible opportunity to develop their gifts.

NEW RELATIONS.

College life of the present day partakes more of a mutual aid organization between students and faculty, than it does of the old relation that once existed between master and pupil.

Harvard distributes every year thousands of dollars among its poor students; and Yale is a regular co-operative benevolent institution. Aside from the various make-shifts of its aspiring young men, whose ambition is superior to their financial resources, Yale presents more than one practically industrious phase of life, that is designed to give its students a correct foretaste of years to come. Of its various publications—*Literary Magazine*, *The News*, *Record and Current*, *The Yale Banner*, and *Pot Pourri*; the first pays its general editors from one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty dollars a year.

The financial editor receives from one hundred and eighty to one hundred and ninety. The *News* pays each senior editor from two hundred and fifty to two hundred and seventy-five a year, financial editor receiving from three hundred and twenty-five to three hundred and fifty dollars, and so on with the others correspondingly. Besides these resources for the needy, each class is furnished with four or five monitors whose business is to record tardiness or absence [of students] at morning prayers and recitations; for this service each one receives from the faculty thirty-five dollars a year. The same sum is paid to the one who rings the college bell each year. The more nearly our special institutions of learning can be made to conform to the every-day necessities of the world at large, the closer and more confident to the relations of student and teacher, the more surely and fully will their desires and aims be realized.

—One of the oldest and most successful teachers in the public schools of this city, is Miss Fidelia B. Jewett (daughter of our occasional correspondent, S. W. Jewett), of the Girls' High School on Bush street, which school she entered in 1868. After nineteen years of continuous work she sought for and obtained a year's vacation which she improved by a trip to Europe, returning in time to take part in the recent Teachers' Convention in this city. She has again resumed her duties in the same school.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Some Experiences in Earth and Spirit Life of the Speaking Control of J. J. Morse, will appear in our next—the topic of a most interesting address.

—Suits for gentlemen on the installment plan, at L. Lemoss', 1326 Market street. That settles it. We can now see our way clear to a recuperated wardrobe.

—Sufferers from that terrible disease, cancer, should consult Dr. B. Sturman, corner of Powell and Eddy streets, this city. His success in this class of cases is simply wonderful.

—John Slater, the platform test medium, whose public seances in this city have attracted very large audiences, informed his audience, on Sunday last, that he expected to leave for Australia by the steamer "Alameda," which sails to-day.

—We regret that Spiritualists should take any notice of Washington Irving Bishop, or his meetings. His claim that he can produce all the manifestations of spiritual mediumship, "gives himself away" as a colossal egotist and humbug. Spiritualists should give his meetings a wide berth.

—An annual aggregation of delights is the exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute at the great pavilion on Larkin street, in this city. This year there is an unusual display of the earth's products, some of the counties (old Santa Clara especially), fairly outdoing herself. And the mechanical exhibits are especially fine. A machine for making barbed fence wire displays so much intelligence that one feels like asking how it intends to vote. Everybody should visit the Fair. It is a grand school of thought in many ways.

AN INTERESTING TREATISE.

The Immortality of the Soul; or, An Answer to the Question, "If a Man Die, Shall He Live Again?" And if so, How are Spirits Occupied? By Mary S. and James Vincent, Sr. Author of "Why I left the Christian Church," "Romanism or Protestantism in the Government; Which or Neither," &c., which works are ready for the press. Tabor, Iowa.

This is a neatly printed book of 94 pages, in paper covers, and consequently inexpensive (price 35 cents.) Of the authors, Mary S., wife of James Vincent, Sr., is in spirit life. And why not? Why should not partners here be partners over there? Why should their interest in us and our work lessen when they pass on to spirit life? It is glorious to know that it does not. Hence we commend Mr. Vincent in his recognition of the help his spirit wife has afforded him in this work. We recognize this book as a helpful acquisition to our spiritual literature.

WHOM WE FEAR.—Prince Bismarck says the Germans fear nothing but God, to prove which assertion he lately asked for and obtained seven hundred thousand more men, presumably to protect the Empire against God. Americans have nothing to fear, as a nation, but foreign immigration, yet practically they take no measures to put a stop to it. While Congress is very busy measuring "red tape," our foes are pouring in upon us at the rate of ten thousand and more per month. European breezes seem to be laden with the presentment that Uncle Sam's doors are likely to be closed upon the inpouring throngs from other lands; and indeed they would be if our law-makers looked at the matter with as clear sight as does the journalistic press of our land. It is from these disseminating media that the presentment emanates, for they see the danger, and their pages give true interpretation of their feelings. But if the lands beyond the Atlantic could really know the apathy that exists where all should be alert with interest and determination, they would know they need make no haste, for years will in all probability be yet allowed them to send out to "wild America" their remaining surplus of poor humanity. Uncle Sam is patient and long-suffering. Whether he will ever be anything else is the question.

GOOD USE OF MONEY.—It is not all spirits that are able to exert an influence strong enough to cause compliance with their wishes, particularly when those wishes relate to the disposition of worldly goods already disposed of by will. But Mrs. Wilson D. Bromly, of Waterloo, Wis., is one of the more fortunate. She came to her husband and told him to give to Dr. Emily D. Arndt the sum of thirty thousand dollars, which was promptly done. Mrs. Arndt is a Spiritualistic healer, and therefore the sum should do more than average good, as it will enable her to treat the poor without charge. Our healers all endeavor to do this, but to many of them it is a charity they can not indulge without serious inconvenience to themselves. We hope more of the faithful workers in the spiritual vineyard may be assisted in a similar way, for there are a thousand good uses for every dollar given to the cause.

READY FOR ACTION.—The papers are ready for service in the case of W. R. Colby vs. the publishers of certain daily papers of this city, in a civil action for libel, in publishing certain defamatory dispatches referring to plaintiff. Mr. Colby's attorney is ex-Congressman Barclay Henley, himself an able lawyer, who will be assisted by Henry McPike, one of the brightest lights of the San Francisco Bar. Mr. Colby's backer is a wealthy Spiritualist friend, who declares that he will assist him in any amount necessary to establish his innocence, and convict his traducers of the charges made against him. We are assured that suit will also be instituted against the Eastern publisher with whom the charges originated.

Fraternity Hall Meetings.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Last Sunday evening we had quite a large audience in attendance. Mrs. Miller, Madame De Roth, and Mr. Pettibone of San Francisco being present, quite a number of tests were given, in a clear and satisfactory manner. Next Sunday evening, the members will give a literary and musical entertainment for the benefit of our Society, at which time Mrs. Miller, Madame De Roth, Mr. Pettibone, and Mrs. Herbert (trance medium), have promised to be present. We cordially invite Spiritualists, and those seeking spiritual truth, to come and visit us. Meetings commence at 7:30 P. M. MRS. DAVIS, Sec'y. OAKLAND, August 21, 1888.

Mediums and Mediumship.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

That Spiritualist must be dull indeed who is not convinced of the fraudulent practices perpetrated under the cloak of Spiritualism by mere pretenders to mediumship, as well as by dishonest mediums. But I take it for granted that every Spiritualist is convinced of such nefarious business.

Human nature is just the same to-day as it always has been; therefore, we had every reason to believe that mercenary and unworthy people would be constantly cropping out everywhere, in the practice of the black art of deception, purely for ungodly gain. The presentation of Spiritualism, through the channel of the physical phenomena, has opened the door for counterfeiters to operate, because of the fact Modern Spiritualism is comparatively a new thing, presenting a new channel by which to hold intercourse with people who, in the common phrase, we have pronounced dead, and were consigned to their graves. This modern interchange of thought between the denizens of the two worlds was startling in its character, and in the very nature of things sprung a subject which eclipsed all others, because it was just the question which everybody would desire to know something about, and that, too, by personal experience.

The great body of Spiritualists know that Spiritualism is based upon irrefragable proof; the gist of it embracing immortality, and the life to come makes it the great question before which all other questions pale; hence, the great rush of mortals to personally investigate for themselves as to the truth of what they had heard so much about.

No subject that has ever been presented is envied by so voluminous an array of different phases of nice distinctions to be learned and to be correctly applied. In this view of the case we have had to approach the investigation of Spiritualism, with its mental and physical phenomena and philosophy, as students for the first time entering the vestibule of learning. It has been often demanded by the skeptic of Spiritualists, if Spiritualism as you claim be true, Why don't our spirit friends come to me, into my parlor and take a seat, and talk the matter over? Then there is so much fraud, I would even doubt some evil geni was personating my spirit friends. I have met with many people who have avowed they would believe in the truth of Spiritualism, provided the spirits would tell them how to discover a bonanza and make a pile.

Now all these material thoughts are also involved. Now, if any one wise enough will just inform me why God did not kill the devil, why evil as well as good is permitted, that for every wicked heart that has lived on earth it has its counterpart in spirit life, that there are mortals and spirits who will lie, defraud, cheat and steal, and that, too, in the churches as on the outside? Now our Christians will claim that God is All-Good and All-Power; then why has God not banished the evil side in both worlds? When they answer our question, we Spiritualists will answer theirs.

Now, the false and counterfeit side of Spiritualism we sadly deplore, but as we can not change human nature, we are compelled to submit to things as we find them.

The charlatans are as wide-awake as other people, and as they look on and see the rushing crowds gathering to hear or witness something from the great beyond, they see in this vast crowd of people pressing to obtain a little proof of the right and power of their friends to return again, and in that vast crowd are people of every grade and make up. With the strong and discriminating minded are also to be found the weak and easily gulled. These vultures, like so many hyenas, ready to pounce on their prey, observe the weak points, see their opportunity, and ply their vocation of deception and cheating for the greed of gain. To a mere pretender of acting by the gift of mediumship, Spiritualists should treat them as horse and sheep stealers.

To any one who is gifted by the God of nature with one of the phases of mediumship, who should be detected willfully perpetrating fraudulent spirit presentations, should forever be cast out of the spirit synagogue. There is but one rule by which they could be tolerated again, and that is through confession, repentance and promised reformation. It is suicide to the cause to say, I admit such a one did, on such an occasion, deliberately beforehand plan, and did cheat and deceive, but still I know that medium can and does give genuine manifestations. So much the worse for the sacred cause of Spiritualism. We had much better have no manifestations at all than undertake to filter the truth through such lives.

Now comes, in conjunction with the last class of offenders named, another class, while in one view of the case they are only offenders in the eye of non-believing Spiritualists, and that is that class of mediums who at times are overtaken by an evil class of spirits, who make use of the medium, unconsciously, to palm off on mortals their bogus wares for the genuine.

Such unfortunate mediums deserve at our hands much sympathy. Much has yet to be learned about this point of mediumship. Great caution is necessary, and nice discrimination to be exercised, or

else injustice may often be committed unintentionally. By proper training and guarding all such cases may be relieved.

But in all such cases where persons claiming to possess mediumistic powers come into any community as strangers, not properly vouched for, and hang out their shingles commercially, it is well to receive all such with caution, or else contempt and ridicule will come. Simply because a person comes along claiming to be a medium, for instance, for materialization, there are numbers of investigators who do not possess proper discriminating judgment, but rush into print, so anxious are they to tell others how they were the favored recipients of such wonderful things they saw. There is hardly a fruitful correspondent of such wonderful things they have witnessed, but have more than once been made to feel mortified and chagrined.

JOHN EDWARDS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"A. Y. E." on "Karma" and "Nirvana."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I have waded several times through three columns of "Karma," in one of your recent numbers, without arriving at any definite sense, except that the "Karmic law" involves perpetual re-incarnation.

The Pundita Ramabai has arrived at an opportune time upon our coast, to unveil this mythical prophet of Khorassan, and expose the hideous features of the Buddhist monstrosity, whose laws of "Karma" and "Nirvana" devote all women, for their sins, "to be born over and over again, 8,400,000 times, before they are purified sufficiently to be born men," and enter "Nirvana."

This is the charming East Indian myth that Allan Kardec and his followers are endeavoring to hitch on to Spiritualism. But what says the Pundita Ramabai, who has escaped from these atrocious teachings, and rejoices to stand in the light of intelligence and civilization? She says: that "while many women love their husbands, and in order to be with them would burn themselves, or throw themselves into the Ganges," there are many others who would prefer Dante's "Inferno," "or even hell itself to a re-union with their lords."

There are to-day in India, the land of "Karma" and "Nirvana," twenty-one million widows, who would rather stay in hell itself than be re-incarnated, and subjected to the brutalities of the disciples of "Karma." One knows not how to regard the phenomena of otherwise sensible people befogging their intellects in fantastic dreams, baseless as the visions of opium or hashish, whose baleful influence so beclouds the intellects of its victims, that they cast loose from the regulation of reason. They have no definite ideas regarding the fixed plan of the universe, and ask the scientific world to accept their wild chimeras, in lieu of the well established progressive system of Providence. In the canker of discontent, they fancy that on a return to earth, they might revel in the unlimited indulgence of unsated pleasure or passions, ignorant, apparently, of those laws of unswerving regularity from whose inflexible record there is no possibility of reprieve or effacement.

Essentially selfish, wrapt in self, they think, or rather hope, that they can step backwards, obliterate the past, and walk earth's paths again. Centered in self, they have no ties, no friendships, to mourn, no lost loved ones to lament; or, if they have, they would willingly sacrifice all—love, friendship, memory itself—for another space of life, "from the puling infant, to the tottering, toothless pantaloon."

All this they would endure for another turn on life's stage, instead of departing gracefully with the balance of mankind. And if they could induce Providence to make re-incarnation a general law rather than forego their own selfish ends, they would sentence the twenty million Hindoo widows to another term, or even ten thousand terms of hell on earth.

They remind one of Bunyan's description of the earth grubbers, continually delving, head bent earthward, regardless of the angel beckoning to lift their eyes upward. Compare these to the aspirations of the true scientist, who, having exhausted the secrets of life's laboratory, anxiously awaits his graduation into a higher class—into a loftier college than earth can furnish.

An interesting study for Bishop, the mind-reader, would be the analysis of minds, that, doubting the feasibility of materialization, can accept the dogma of re-incarnation. Skeptical of the power of a spirit to clothe himself into tangible shape, from the surrounding elements, they conceive the possibility of condensation from six feet into six inches; straining at a mere gnat, they swallow a monstrous camel.

Gnomes, fairies, mermaids, and elementary spirits, are intensely poetical, but absolutely obsolete. The indignation of some at the skeptics' doubts of these fantasies reminds me of the wrath of an old sailor, when anyone ventured to doubt his mermaid story.

The incongruity of harnessing Indian myths to Modern Spiritualism, is illustrated by a common-sense East Indian lady, who deals with the realities of Hindoo life, while fantastic Americans are adopting the ancient obsolete myths and mysteries.

A. Y. E.

The Cause in Salem, Or.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In writing my last letter to you I forgot to state that Mrs. F. A. Brown, clairvoyant psychometrist, of San Jose, California, was here, and acted as chairman of the meeting for election of officers.

We had our first lecture on Sunday, at 8 o'clock P. M., Aug. 12th, and it was a perfect success. Prof. M. V. Rosk lectured on the "Lord's Prayer" in a very effectual manner. He is an earnest speaker, and told us, among other good things, that but few knew how to pray, and said in illustration how apt we were to pass by a little dirty urchin whom we might find swearing on the streets, not thinking to stop and make that child better; but go on and say what a fearful child it was, and the next moment step into prayer meeting and say, Our Father—the child's father as well as mine. If so, then he is our brother, and until we could say Our, we did not pray, for if we could say Our, we would not ruin somebody else's sister or daughter, but would think of it as Our, and we, of course, would not ruin our very own. If the saloon-keeper could pray Our Father, he would have to shut up his shop, for he could not sell his brother's soul to misery and degradation. Then the best thing to do is to go to the saloon-keeper and teach him how to pray Our, as we must begin at the root of all evil.

Prof. Rosk has gone to Kansas to attend the Teachers' Institute, but will return to make this his permanent home, and we hope to have the pleasure of hearing him lecture again.

The meeting was closed with music by the choir, and prayer by Rev. Mr. Webb. Hoping I have not taxed your patience too long, I remain,

Yours in the spiritual cause,
MRS. H. B. HOLLAND.

SALEM, Aug. 13, 1888.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TAPE WORM

REMOVED ALIVE, in two hours, (head and all, or no charge,) at the office. Thousands of people, who are suffering from dyspepsia, indigestion, liver complaints, nervousness, general debility, and dizziness and pain over the eyes, are afflicted with Tape Worm or stomach worms. OVER TWELVE HUNDRED TAPE WORMS removed in the last six years by

PROF. R. K. SHIPLEY.

Special attention given to children afflicted with worms and fits. Circulars, and all directions, in Spanish, German, and English. Send for circular, giving symptoms and references. Medicine sent by express, C. O. D. Consultation free to all. Come and see my many and wonderful specimens at my office, 930 Market Street, Parlors 5 and 6.

930 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

(Near the Baldwin Hotel.) decto

"Practical Occultism."

A Course of Lectures through the trance mediumship of

J. J. MORSE,

WITH A PREFACE BY

WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

- I. The Trance as the Doorway to the Occult. Its Magnetic, Natural and Spiritual forms of Induction.
- II. Mediumship: Its Physical, Mental and Spiritual Conditions.
- III. Mediumship (continued): Its Foundation, Development, Dangers and Advantages.
- IV. Magic, Sorcery and Witchcraft.
- V. The Natural, Spiritual and Celestial Planes of the Second State.
- VI. The Soul World: Its Hells, Heavens and Evolutions.
- VII. Life, Development and Death in Spirit-Land.
- APPENDIX—Answers to Questions.

The above lectures were delivered to Mr. Morse's private classes in San Francisco, Cal., during October, 1887, and are now published for the first time. The two lectures upon mediumship are especially valuable to all mediums and mediumistic persons. Cloth, 12 mo. pp. 159. Price, \$1. Postage, 5 cents extra.

For sale by publishers of the GOLDEN GATE, 734 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

"Perfection"

Window : Sash : Holder,

DOOR HOLDER,

WATER FILTER, CLOTHES HOOK, Etc.

COUNTY AGENTS WANTED.

C. F. SHORT, : : SAN FRANCISCO,

AMERICAN EXCHANGE HOTEL.

aug28 tf

PENSIONS!

FOR
Soldiers' Widows, Mothers and Fathers of all Soldiers of all Wars.

Mexican Soldiers' Widows

Entitled at any age if any way sick.

Address, CAPT. J. H. SHEPARD,
U. S. Pension Claim Ag't,
816 Filbert Street, Oakland, California.
Send me the names of all Widows, Mothers and Fathers of Soldiers not receiving Pensions. jul21-3m*

CHILDREN, TAKE NOTICE!

So-ething new. A funny, bright, new game of cards for young folks.

Tipsy Talkers!

Price, only 25 cents. Any number, from two to ten, can play this game. Directions in cover of each box. Agents wanted. Also Mrs. Owen's Cook Book, \$2.75; Twenty Years of History, \$2.50; The Career of the Stolen Boy, (illustrated), \$1.25. By Express upon receipt of price.

M. E. GERRISH & CO.,
310 Taylor street, San Francisco.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SPIRIT PICTURES!

PRODUCED IN

OIL COLORS AND CRAYON

BY

Direct or Independent Drawing, without the aid of human hand.

These Pictures are NOT PHOTOGRAPHS, but are beautiful, life-like pictures of spirit friends, drawn by spirit artists, independently, through the mediumship of

Dr. Henry Rogers

— THE —

Well-known Medium for Independent Phenomena!

[See what the Spiritual Press say of them.]

The spirit pictures produced through the mediumship of Dr. Rogers are a marvel of beauty and art. We have fully tested these manifestations occurring through the Doctor, and can abundantly testify to the genuineness of the phenomena, and have also seen many recognizable pictures of spirit friends produced in this way through his mediumship.—GOLDEN GATE.

We received a picture of our niece, Ella Simpson, by independent drawing, through the mediumship of Dr. Rogers, when there was no picture of her existing. We have also seen written testimonials from others who have received recognizable pictures under similar conditions through the Doctor, and we take pleasure in recommending him to the spiritual public as a powerful and reliable medium for independent phenomena.—BANNER OF LIGHT.

I have received a very marvelous spirit picture, by independent drawing, through the mediumship of Dr. Rogers. "Taking it all in all this is the most wonderful spiritual manifestation within my personal knowledge. Portraits, like those of Anderson, have been made before; but they were done through control of the medium's hand. Never before, I think, were pictures created of such large size and execution without the touch of any human hand."—A. A. HEALY, in "Religio-Philosophical Journal."

DR. ROGERS is now located at Onset Camp-Meeting, Mass. Persons at a distance desiring Pictures can address him at Wareham, Mass. Terms for Pictures on 6x9 academy board, \$10 each, in advance. Life size Pictures, by special agreement. All money should be sent by Postoffice order to

DR. HENRY ROGERS,

Wareham, Mass.

Onset is not a money order office.

TWENTY-THIRD

INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION

— OF THE —

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE!

Opens Aug. 7th—Closes Sept. 15th.

THE DISPLAY THIS YEAR WILL EXCEL ANY HERETOFORE PRESENTED.

Sixteen Counties will compete for the liberal cash premiums offered for natural products. The industries of the Pacific Coast in manufactures and inventions will be fully represented.

The Art Galleries will contain many new and rare paintings by our best local artists and the great masters.

The First Infantry Regiment Band of forty-six performers, Charles H. Casassa, leader, will render a grand concert each afternoon and evening.

ADMISSION:

Double Season Ticket.....	\$5 00
Single Season Ticket.....	3 00
Child's Season Ticket.....	1 50
Adult Single Admission.....	25
Child's Single Admission.....	50
Season Tickets to Members of the Institute, half-rate.	

P. B. CORNWALL, President.

A. W. STARRIRD, Secretary

PIANOS

GAINED 1st PREMIUM for greatest

merit at the New Orleans Centennial & World's Exposition for refined

and wonderful power of tone, elegance of design, and superb finish. Only piano

endorsed by United States commissioners, from each of the States. Cases finest

carved, rosewood finish—finest imported double repeating action—three strings

throughout of best patent steel wire—keys best ivory. No new patent steel tuning

device. Instead of wood, in the greatest invention ever made in pianos. It consists

of stationary steel tuning pins that are set in a mold and molten steel is run round

the pins keeping them solidly in place. A thimble or shell pin is made to exactly fit

the stationary pin revolving thereon; thus the strings wind round the pins. After the

strings are properly stretched the piano can never get out of tune, the rest plain

being of steel is not affected by extremes of climate. This will be appreciated by

all musicians in city or country. It will stand 20 years without tuning and is good

for 100. No other piano has this improvement.

Great strength and durability is another advantage. In other pianos holes are

bored in wooden boards and tuning pins inserted. The pins turn round in this

board and cannot stand permanently in tune, and it often cracks, splits, dries out,

becoming utterly, totally and entirely worthless as a musical instrument. Our

steel tuning device is in no way affected by such casualties, and the sounding board

is so constructed that our pianos can never become thin or metallic in tone. They

are always in tune and the expense of tuning is saved. This patent alone is

worth millions and makes our piano the greatest in the world. Prices are no

higher than other pianos. Buying direct from us, the largest manufacturers, you

save \$100 or \$200—Dealers' profits. Don't mind the ominous growlings of dealers

and agents, who see their chances of selling a poor piano at a big profit of \$200—slipping away—ply them!

We guarantee our pianos ten years. 100 styles. We have put our price at lowest

bed rock for cash. A \$600 piano for \$249.50; a \$900 piano for \$297.50; a

\$1,200 piano for \$375.50; a \$1,500 piano for \$475.50. Upright Cabinet

Grands, with stool and rubber cover shipped on car at S. F., to any part of the

United States, Canada, or Mexico. Our terms are cash with order. If not as represented money returned. We occasionally

have good second-hand pianos, made over at \$100 to \$200, which we take in

part payment for our own. Write or call for catalogue, free.

T. M. ANTISELL PIANO CO.,
Office & Warehouses, Odd Fellows' Hall,
Cor. Market & 7th Sts.; Factories, Fol-

son, Shotwell & 18th Sts., San Francisco, California. (Agents wanted.)

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS!

MRS. L. CARTER

Will, for a short time, take Spirit Photos, at her old place,

515 SEVENTH STREET, : BROADWAY STATION.

OAKLAND,

From a lock of the sender's hair.

She will also take Pictures of departed friends. aug4-1m.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



FIRE OF LIFE. A MAGIC CURE

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, PRURITIA, PARALYSIS, ASTHMA, SCIATICA, GOUT, LUMBAGO AND DRAPESS.

Everybody Should Have It.

G. G. BURNETT, 1 Agent,
377 Montgomery St., S. F.

Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists. 25¢ Call and see.

DR. CHAS. ROWELL,
OFFICE—426 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

AGENTS WANTED to Canvass for Advertising Patronage. A small amount of work done with test and intelligence may produce a considerable income. Agents earn several hundred dollars in commission in a single season and incur no personal responsibility. Enquire at the nearest newspaper office and learn that this is the best known and best equipped establishment for placing advertisements in newspapers and conveying to advertisers the information which they require in order to make their investments wisely and profitably. Men of good address, or women, if well informed and practical, may obtain authority to solicit advertising patronage for us. Apply by letter to Geo. F. ROWELL & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Ripton St., New York, and full particulars will be sent by return mail.

Fine Rooms!

NEATLY FURNISHED

At 2094 Market Street, : San Francisco,

(At Junction of Market and Valencia Streets.)

A SPIRITUAL HOME. MODERATE PRICES.

auth'd MRS. LOTTIE BARGION.

WM. H. PORTER,

(Successor to Lockhart & Porter),

Undertaker and Embalmer.

NO. 116 EDDY STREET,

Between Mason and Taylor Street, opposite B. B. Hall, one block and a half from Baldwin Hotel.

PRESERVING BODIES WITHOUT ICE A SPECIALTY.

INVENTION

has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is the method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberally day one—do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in the world. Grand outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THE BUYER'S GUIDE

is issued March and Sept. each year. It is an encyclopedia of useful information for all who purchase the luxuries of the necessities of life.

We can clothe you and furnish you with all the necessary and unnecessary appliances to ride, walk, dance, sleep, eat, fish, hunt, work, go to church, or stay at home, and in various sizes, styles and quantities. Just figure out what is required to do all these things COMFORTABLY, and you can make a fair estimate of the value of the BUYER'S GUIDE, which will be sent upon receipt of 10 cents to pay postage, MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., 111-114 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Guide to Mediums.

SEND FOR

"STODDARD'S NEW GUIDE TO MEDIUMS AND MEDIUMSHIP."

A scientific treatise on the development of spirit mediumship. A pamphlet of 23 pages, containing a medium's chart, which determines who may, or may not, become a successful spirit medium.

Price 10 Cents. At this office.

RICHLY REWARDED

are those who read this and then they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person; many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make \$5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex; young or old; capital not

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

From the Sun Angel Order of Light.

[Through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox, scribe of the Order, by one of the Messengers of the Order in the Higher Heavens.]

Saidie has delegated me to give words to those in earth land, through the medium of our excellent paper, the GOLDEN GATE. Long may it remain a "Golden Gate," swinging between the world of the seen, and that of the unseen.

It is only a few years, as mortals count time, since I walked the shores of time with my own loved ones. Looking back over those years, one might well be startled at the great contrast in thought and opinion between the then and the now.

In common with many, I tried to persuade myself that the Church held the only entrance way to the kingdom of heaven. But ere death released my spirit from its tenement house, I began to doubt, and I found that doubt was the key with which I might open the door to the temple of truth.

Passing to the land unseen, of which I had no definite knowledge, I was surprised to find myself still in the land of the living. The faces I saw were not those of the loved ones who had surrounded my bed and ministered to my wants, but they were kind, loving ones, who imparted to me a subtle strength and peace hitherto unknown. Waves of happiness passed over my soul. I was transported from a bed of suffering to a couch of rest and peace. One came to me beautiful as the morning, and led me home. The open doors invitingly beckoned the weary one, whose last days had been days of suffering and sorrow.

Passing within, I found it a very home, with its bird cage, its pictures, and among these were the faces of those I had left, grouped with my own. Startled at the likeness, I spoke, saying, "Where am I? What means this?" Then the beautiful ones spoke, asking me to accompany them; which I did, and was led to my late home, where I saw my sorrowing ones, saw the still form that was once myself, lying with closed eyes and pale cheeks, and then the truth came home to my mind. I had slept, I had awakened, and this was the waking.

Then flashed over my mind thoughts I had felt, wondering what my reception in the spirit world would be. Was I really prepared for the change called death? The presence of those exalted ones reassured me. Surely these were God's own angels; they had ministered to my needs, had led me to my beautiful island home, had led me back to my darkened earth home, where I could see the sorrowing, and feel their desolation. Then came to me the purpose to lead these into the truth and light. I would leave nothing undone in my power to prove to them my continued existence—my life beyond life. Persistently I visited them, and my toil was well rewarded, for in a short time those dear ones had demonstrated the fact that man dies not, but lives, returns, and blesses those he must leave in the earth valleys.

Oh! could all spirits know the joy of leading their own into the light of eternal truth! But many return with tear-filled eyes and down-cast head, having been repulsed, sent back, rejected by those who mourn.

Soon to me came greater light and knowledge. My earth friends were looking to those gone before for light concerning the future, and I might grasp more and more, and return again and again to bless. At last came time and opportunity when again I might clothe myself with a garment of materiality. My loved ones again saw and recognized my materialized form. Great was the joy of this hour both to spirit and mortals.

Steadily on and on in the path of progress the spirit may go, gaining here and there the radiant gems of knowledge, which by and by make bright the crown of wisdom each head shall wear. The guardians of whom I have spoken told me of a plan the higher spirits were about to execute. They told me of ages of watching, of earthward journeys; and as I listened, something like echoes reached my ear and lodged in my brain.

Sitting thus with the two, conversing, I suddenly sensed a vibrating chord in my inner being. Where had I heard this before? Who were these who seemed so near, who were able to waken slumbering echoes within my soul, as no others had done?

Starting to my feet, I looked at each with such questioning heart that they smiled. "Child, what is it?" asked the lady, while my other companion said, "You will remember soon." "What is it?" thought I, and strolled forth among the blooms of the garden. Thought surged through my brain; a light seemed struggling to unfold within my being. I almost remembered something of a long ago.

While thus wondering, the lady advanced, and with her came one wearing the radiant robes of high spheres. I had thought others beautiful, but when my eyes rested upon the stranger, he seemed more beautiful and not as a stranger. "Knowest thou me, my own?" was his question. At first I was puzzled, but soon he advanced with a wreath of blooms in his hand. As he did so, a flood of thoughts came over me. I seemed to remember, and still all was so strange. Advancing, he placed the wreath upon my head, saying, as he did so, "Again the

earth pilgrimage is ended; again I welcome my own. Welcome home from the fields of earth; welcome to the joys of home; and taking my hand, he placed upon it a ring. I knew from that time my own guardian angel stood by my side. Gradually, memory unfolded her treasures to me; gradually I saw, as one reads from an open book, the details of a past my soul had ne'er forgotten.

There had come a time of sleep, a time of forgetfulness, when I had left the shores of the better land for an earth pilgrimage, had slept the sleep which knows no waking, until the interchange of life had been accomplished, when I had awakened to an earth life—had closed my eyes on the spirit shore, to open them upon the shores of earth. Mankind talk and speculate much concerning re-embodiment, but the spirits know of what they speak, and understand the truths they teach.

Ere I came to my home in the earth valleys, I dwelt in one on life's farther shore. Ere I woke to look with baby eyes into those of my mortal mother, I had lived and loved on yon bright immortal shore. Spirits speak of love not as mortals do. They understand the love of the All Wise, as it expresses itself in the real life, which is that of the soul.

I was young in years, life seemed bright, but I must lay it down when death called me hence. Like all who love to live, the interchange had its fears, its darkness. But I found a land of life, a land of love.

Gradually have I ascended the heights where progression leads her children. From learning facts and principles I have learned realities, and steadily gone on and on. The Order opened its doors to the returning child; I entered, and found there a place I had left vacant to come earthward. And yet not vacant, for my guardian had filled the place in my absence and had come to me as he could with his messages, his benedictions.

Although I knew not the import of many thoughts and impulses which had come to me, yet they were treasured in my heart of hearts. They were never lost. My former unfoldment was not lost, and when again I could mingle in the society of those radiant ones, memory opened again her book, and hourly I might read therefrom.

Brothers and sisters in earth land, your privileges are great. You now have Saidie's printed words. You may know these truths, which were hidden to those who have preceded you to this land of light and love. The Order was unknown in earth land when I dwelt therein, but the guides and guardians were faithful and true. They met me; they led me; until, in fullness of time, I might meet and recognize mine own, who had not lost sight of me, but who patiently waited, until again he might crown me his own. Receive the light that comes from the higher spheres, where all is peace. CESTA, A Messenger of the S. A. O. of Light in the heavens.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angel Order of Light.

OSWEGO, N. Y., August 6, 1888.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Splints.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

Happiness is the outgrowth of mental culture and training.

A truly magnanimous soul shines through the roughest exterior.

Our life stream is purified and brightened, or stained and tainted, by the character of the innumerable rivulets contributing to it. Let us admit no infectious waters to poison it, but rather reach out for those pure, sparkling and refreshing streams, that will not only increase its volume, but enhance its beauty and intensify its benefits, to partakers all along its earthly course, until it shall enter upon its more extensive and numerous winding through worlds celestial!

Let us imitate the vine, and ever climb upward.

Eternal vigilance is the price of spiritual liberty.

O invisible realms that lie just beyond the present! Continuation and consummation of all our laudable hopes and ambitions, however vague and undefined they seem to us now, sometimes the gossamer like veil between thee and mine seems so thin, we catch faint glimpses of thy unspeakable delights! We ever enjoy thy contemplation, and prize thy inspirations! May thy divine influence ever prove a gradual upliftment and unfoldment of soul powers, until, at the glad separation of spirit and matter, we shall enter upon thy unfading enjoyments fully fledged and equipped for heavenly flights.

A noble spirit observes no social discrimination in its operations.

Let every error and failure prove a friendly influence, admonishing, encouraging and guiding to more successful efforts.

Nature is the highest expression and example of purity and truth we can ever hope to contemplate or imitate. Nevertheless, man, in his pitiable ignorance

and misconception of right and wrong, has instituted and enforced a system of laws so conflicting with his strongest desires and inclinations, so retarding to his real moral development, so at variance with the requirements of his mental and physical unfoldment, and so antagonistic to the true enjoyment of the spiritual man, that the real design of creation, the high and holy destiny of mankind, has nearly, if not quite, been lost sight of. But for the final elevation and emancipation of the race from this most cruel thralldom, reason is dawning upon us, and through her more rational ideas and wiser course, undreamed of possibilities are being revealed, and man will soon perceive, and delight to perform his highest obligations to his Creator, his fellow-beings, and himself, and reap eternal benefits and blessings.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.

Never forget that the free use and play of the faculties is the source of the noblest power and the purest joy in life; the pelf which they can win is but as dust or dirt in comparison.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

O'BANION & DAGENAIS,

— 712 and 714 —

Market Street, San Francisco.

MERCHANT TAILORS!

And Dealers in

CLOTHING!

— AND —


Gent's Furnishing Goods!

The Best Stock that can be found in the market. Will make suits at all prices, from \$20.00 up. Will Guarantee Good Fits and Perfect Satisfaction.

Our motto will be: "Fair Dealing."

may19-tf

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.



FRED EVANS
Medium
— FOR —
INDEPENDENT
SLATE
And MECHANICAL
WRITING.
MR. EVANS is now
absent in Australia.
All letters for him
can be addressed in
care of this office.

MISS C. A. THOMSEN,
MAGNETIC HEALER,

2004 Market Street, San Francisco,
(At Junction of Market and Valencia Streets.)

OFFICE HOURS: From 9 to 4.
aug18-tf

MRS. M. J. HENDREE,
PSYCHOMETRIST, TEST AND BUSINESS MEDIUM, ELECTRO-MAGNETIC HEALER,

1031 Mission Street, San Francisco.

SITTINGS DAILY.
Circles—Monday and Friday Evenings.
Developing Circle—Thursday Evenings.

MISS E. ERNST,
METAPHYSICIAN,

108 McALLISTER ST. (Room 4)

Hours—10 A. M. to 4 P. M.
aug4-1m*

MRS. SEAL,
MEDIUM,

Cures all diseases; also the use of tobacco in any form, liquor or opium; the cure of tobacco guaranteed or no fee will be charged.

Sittings, Daily. : : Circles, Wednesday Afternoons.
ap16-tf No. 108 SIXTH STREET, S. F.

J. P. DAMERON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

230 MONTGOMERY STREET, - SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Room 21. Take Elevator.
jul14-tf

SPIRITUALISM.
J. W. GILL,
Test Medium,

200 Turk Street, - San Francisco.

Office Hours, 10 to 4.
jul14-1m*

MRS. DR. BEIGHLE,
Has moved into the

Murphy Building, - On Market Street

Over J. J. O'Brien's Store, Room 54.

MRS. SALINA PULSIFER,
MINERAL PSYCHOMETRIST,

Webster Street, : : East San Jose

Small specimens of rock may be sent by letter. Prompt examinations made. Terms, \$5.00. aug13

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

MIND HEALING!

ALL ARE WELCOME!

No Charges Made for Healing, Teaching, or Advice.

227 A BOX AT THE DOOR FOR VOLUNTARY OFFERINGS.

The Sick and Afflicted should come and be healed. There is help for all. Treatments given daily. Absent treatment a specialty. Will visit patients. Classes formed monthly for instruction.

All books, pamphlets or magazines on Christian, Mental or Spiritual Science for sale. Also standard works on Occultism and Theosophy, and all novels on Metaphysical Thought. Sole agent for W. J. Colville's "Spiritual Science" and "Metaphysical Queries." Complete list of Dr. Evans' works. Agent for THE ESOTERIC. Subscriptions taken at \$1.00 a year; single copies, 15 cents. Sample copies free. Send for price list.

Address,
MRS. SADIE GORIE,
Manager Pacific Coast Metaphysical Co.,
No. 6 Turk Street, San Francisco.

C. A. ROGERS,

Artist.

PORTRAITS PAINTED FROM LIFE, OR ENLARGED from Photographs or small pictures of any kind, to any size desired, in Oil, Water Colors, India Ink, Crayon or Pastel.

Spirit Photographs Enlarged.

Landscapes painted to order. Please call, or write to particulars. Studio, room 75, St. Ann's Building.

No. 6 Eddy Street, San Francisco

Jan. 21

METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE,
108 McAllister Street, - San Francisco.

MRS. SARAH A. HARRIS, F. T. S.,

Conducts the School in Theosophy, Sunday at 2:30 P. M.

Seats Free. All Are Invited.
ap17-tf

HOME COLLEGE

OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE,

MRS. M. E. CRAMER, - - - PRESIDENT.

374 Seventeenth Street, San Francisco.

227 Classes in Metaphysics and Mental Healing.

Tuesdays and Fridays, At 2 and 8 p. m. Hours for Treatment, From 10 a. m. to 2 p. m. By the President. Daily except Sunday

MR. AND MRS. H. PETTIBONE,

TRANCE, BUSINESS, PHYSICAL AND INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING MEDIUMS.

Special attention given to the development of all phases of mediumship.

No. 115 Jones Street, San Francisco.

Send for Magnetized Slates, with instructions for development.
dec-jung-tf

ARTESIAN WELLS LOCATED

By Spirit Directions.

For Particulars and Terms, address

Box 71. A. B. FULLER,
Turlock, Cal.
mar3-tf

MRS. MILLER, - - - AND - - -

MADAM DEBOTH,

The Wonderful Psychometrist,

Will hold Public Circles on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

Admission to Public Circles, 25 cents.

Private Sittings given daily by both mediums. Price, \$1.00

MRS. F. SAGE, M. D.

202 STOCKTON STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN

SPECIALTY.

Office hours, from 8 to 10 a. m., 1 to 4, and 7 to 8 p. m.

MRS. D. N. PLACE,

TRANCE, INSPIRATIONAL AND HEALING MEDIUM.

Circles—Friday at 2 p. m., and on Sunday and Tuesday at 8 p. m.

Sittings Daily 10 to 4.

101 Grove Street, corner Polk, SAN FRANCISCO.

ap21-1m

MRS. M. E. AYERS,

PSYCHO-MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN.

Residence, 1210 Twenty-eighth Street,

OAKLAND, : : : : CAL.

aug13

BY ADVICE OF HER GUIDES,

MRS. JENNIE CROSSE,

The Great Boston Medium,

Has removed to W. Garland, Maine, where she will continue to give life reading for \$1, and two stamps.

Six questions answered for 50 cents and one stamp.

July 14-1m* Disease a specialty.

MRS. LIZZIE FULTON,

TRANCE, TEST AND HEALING MEDIUM,

— 915% —

Mission Street, - - - San Francisco.

MRS. C. J. MEYER,

CLAIRVOYANT, TRANCE, BUSINESS AND DEVELOPING MEDIUM,

Circles—Thursday evenings. Gives names in full. (Sittings, \$1.) And

MRS. JULIA JACKSON, MAGNETIC HEALER,

Diagnoses diseases without questioning.

2514 1/2 Sutter Street, - - - San Francisco.

June 16-tf

MRS. SARAH J. PENoyer,

PSYCHOMETRIST,

Address 811 Johnson Street, - - - East Saginaw,

Michigan.

Delineates Character by Lock of Hair and Writing.

Readings, - One Dollar.

Also translates ancient character writing. Terms for each, One Dollar.

aug13

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Seer into the Causes and Natural Cure of Disease.

Having permanently become a citizen of Boston, Ms. DAVIS may be consulted by letter or in person at his office.

63 Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from 9 to 12 A. M.

He is remarkably successful in the treatment of every variety of chronic disease, either physical or mental, adapting remedies to meet the peculiarities and requirements of each case.

Consultation, with special directions for cure, \$2; each subsequent interview, \$1. Simple remedies, if needed, extra.

Mr. Davis would be pleased to receive the full name and address of liberal persons to whom he may, from time to time, mail announcements or circulars containing desirable information.

NOV19-5m*

J. NO. SLATER,

Test Medium.

400 GRAY STREET, - - - SAN FRANCISCO.

Sittings from 10 to 3 o'clock, sharp.

June 17-tf

MRS. T. M. DIXON,

CLAIRVOYANT, TEST, AND BUSINESS MEDIUM.

Diseases Diagnosis

Sittings daily from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

No. 1242 Howard street, Bet. Eighth and Ninth.

SAN FRANCISCO: July 21-tf

MISS GEORGIA HALL,

TEACHER OF MARSH'S SYSTEM OF SHORT-HAND.

Residence—2331 Bush Street corner of Pierce,

SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. S. S. MESSER,

CLAIRVOYANT AND PSYCHOMETRIST,

905 FOLSOM STREET,

Near Fifth, - - - San Francisco.

Gives readings of character, and diagnoses disease from lock of hair.

Circles Tuesday and Friday Evenings.

Sittings Daily. my19-tf

MRS. W. WEIR,

TELEGRAPHIC MEDIUM,

Controlled by the late Mrs. Breed,

227 THE WONDERFUL RAPPING MEDIUM.

1502 SEVENTH STREET, WEST OAKLAND.

Center Station. (Sittings Daily.) dec-10

A REMARKABLE OFFER.

SEND TWO 2-CENT STAMPS,

Lock of hair, state age and sex, and give your name in full, and I will send you a CLAIRVOYANT DIAGNOSIS of your disease, FREE. Address,

I. C. BATDORF, M. D.,

Principal Magnetic Institute, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

A LIBERAL OFFER,

— BY A —

RELIABLE CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC HEALER.

Send four 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, name, age and sex. We will diagnose your case FREE, by Independent Spirit Writing.

Address,

DR. J. S. LOUCKS,

Canton, N. Y.

feb13-tf

MRS. EGGERT AITKIN,

CLAIRVOYANT,

MAGNETIC HEALER AND TEST MEDIUM.

No. 830 Mission Street,

Between 4th and 5th, - - - San Francisco.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

And the Rich Man Died Also.

Another day.

Another night has passed upon the earth,
One less in wage in strife, one nearer death
So-called, of all created things.
I, not alone, am numbered. Fewer days
Perhaps, to come at last, than some
Who sorrow, that my end draws near,
So full a life they say, so much to hope
From its continuance. Millions, per'haps,
May yet be mine, still later on if care
And patience, energy, but do their work,
To gratify ambition. God is good!
His love will save me! Shall I pray?

Again! the scene is changed.

A dark-browed man has taken watch beside his
Glimmering eye, but no love light to tell of sympathy
With him who now is passing. What is his
Mission here? and why so eager bends he
O'er the dying? It is no love work now
That bids him note the weak vibration of
That tiny thread of living life which marks
Pulsation. Who is he? and what? who bids
All others leave who seek that presence?
His only friend!

Perhaps, if years of anxious
Watching, to gather for his own, the work
Of this rich man's life, whom death now seeks,
Is proof of friendship, he has earned it well,
If stirring strife, nursing meaneat motives,
If isolating one, whose nature feels
The need of more brute force to lean upon,
Proof of friendship, such a friend is he.
Let others turn aside and give him place.
'Tis night again.

The sad orbed moon looks down upon the earth
And trails her silver light, tinting each tree
And shrub with her own radiance, darting
Between the leaves and bathing soe earth
With her own beauty. An open casement gives
Admission, and in the sick man's room, whose
Night lamp seems only a spark by contrast,
It falls around the bed and lights the face
Which looks almost in glory. Nothing moves.
The sick man sleeps. The watcher by the bed,
Half wearied with the long, sad silence, moves
To the window, and as the moonlight
On him streams, looks upward and around him,
As if expectant, until a low moan
Attracts him, when he turns towards the bed,
And takes the hand outstretched him as he says:
"Tis over now, the ebb tide flows. No other soul
Goes out to-night. Perhaps to-morrow's dawn
May give us hope."

"Of what? of longer life?"

"Tis but a pause of hours, through which the soul

Is reaching out to tide eternity.

"No, no! my friend;

No, not 'tis but a long delay, in which

To culminate the thought of life is spent.

O, for the hope to live to better end.

This life is short, and Mammon worship falls

To succor at its close.

"O, I have sinned, and now the worthless dross

Is all I have to show as recompense.

I have mis-spent my life. My friend take heed:

The wealth now mine, or rather

That of which I have been steward, will soon

Be yours. Disburse it better far than I

Have done. In benediction on my death

So use it that I yet may feel my life

At length has been a blessing. Thus I give

To you my all. See you betray no trust,

As I have done, in living selfishly,

But do God-service, and, as I have sinned,

Try to redeem me."

He seemed to sleep again.

Not dead, but passing, said the low-voiced friend,

He gives me all, I thought as much,

Still, now I wait and watch more easily.

But lie on charity, in public yes!

My name shall be attached to all that gives

Me honor or helps to make me famous.

All beside must gather in another hoard

Till I outshine my competitors. I will be no

Glow-worm, but on the hill will set my light

Till the world knows I am a Crusoe.

Slowly the door moved open,

A pallid face looked in, but started back

As if it did not dare.

"That woman! How she haunts me!

She shall not see him, though she cannot mar

My plans. Enough that I have promised to protect her."

"Once again to see him?"

He closed the door.

Again the sick man woke to conscious strength.

"I may live longer; what has caused this change?"

I can see Bertha. Tell her now to come."

"What use my friend! Contrition ten times told

Cannot repair the wrong she did to thee;

See you not the mockery of her tears?

Do you not feel that righteous judgment has

Been tempered by your mercy? Why rouse again

That weary heart of yours to give it

More disturbance. She shall come, but you are warned."

Once more the door was opened; the saddened face,

Lit up, bent o'er the dying. "I am here,"

She said. "How could you doubt me? Do you forget

When I first stole from home to join you, how our

Sacred words were pledged? Forgive my sin,

If it were sin, that made my sad heart ache

Almost to bursting, when thy love left me,

And I felt I could not bear thy coldness.

Wealth stole thy heart, and I, unloved, the woman's

Wealth all gone, could bear no longer.

And did I sin, my love, in seeking to

Forget thee? Thy empty heart seemed fit

To mate the heart that I left empty. Yes,

I was wrong, my love, but O, forgive me!"

"We both were wrong, but I the sinner;

God forgive, and grant in heaven I meet thee.

Go now, my sweet, or rather let me sleep

My life away in thy dear presence filled

With love. Take her away, my friend, when

My last breath has left me. Care well for her.

I sink again."

Not so. If she but leave us now,

The strain is great, and much too great to bear.

"I go," she said. The woman bowed her head,

His last breath caught, and said: "Tis over now."

Then turning to the friend she said, "May God

Forgive you."

"For what? His only friend!

Have I not cared for him as none else cared?

Watched him grow feeble, wooed him back to strength,

Whilst those who should have cared, have wandered

From him, and you, his wife?"

"Donald McDonald!"

Have known thee well. Have watched thy

Ministrations. Known the day, the

Hour, almost, when thy hard heart took pity,

As you said, upon his loneliness.

Bend his nature to thy own, for long has

Been thy effort. With wiles hast thou beguiled

Him, and when the hour came, to find his home

Deserted, to break the bond between

The legal bond, thou didst so well succeed.

No one could doubt thy effort. His wealth

Is thine. Take it, and with it, sins most just—

Inheritance; but ne'er pollute

My presence."

Then the door was closed

Again upon her, Donald McDonald

Stood alone in the still chamber. Before

Him, pale in death, the casket of the soul,

Illumined yet with the departing life

Of spirit, drew him towards it. Quick he turned away

And left the presence chamber of that

Still majesty, which holds in awe, subdues

The earth, that King of Terrors, known as DEATH.

C. E. S.

In the Fog.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

I wish to state a few facts, and to ask a few questions. The questions I address to any clear-thinking, plain-writing Spiritualist. Shall be very grateful to any body who will answer or write an article for the GOLDEN GATE, touching upon the points which are sorely puzzling many half-way Spiritualists:

A few years ago I determined to look into this subject of Spiritualism till I should see enough to convince myself of its truth, or until I could prove to myself that it is false. I had little fear of accomplishing the latter result, for I already hoped and believed that our spirit friends can return and make manifest the actualities of spirit life.

For information and advice I visited two of the best mediums of San Francisco, both strangers,—and also consulted one true and tried friend, who is a medium. Through each of these mediums I received long communications, all purporting to come from the same spirit friend. This spirit, through one of the mediums, advised me to sit alone for one hour in a dark room, twice a week, and told me to concentrate my mind upon the friend I most wished to hear from, or upon some question relating to Spiritualism which I wished answered. Through the second medium she advised me to sit with a friend, one-half hour only, three times a week, and in a light room, laying great stress upon the *light*, and said that above all things, I must avoid concentration of mind upon any subject. Through the third medium she advised me very strongly not to sit at all.

Why was I given such contradictory counsel?

I have been told that most spirit messages are tinged more or less strongly with the feelings and ideas of the mediums through whom we receive them. If they are tinged so strongly as to destroy all natural flavor, of what natural use are they as spirit communications? I have been told, too, that I was particularly unfortunate in this experience, that such things do not often occur; but I think this a mistake, for I have known of many similar experiences.

Why are false communications given through honest mediums to earnest seekers of truth?

If we consult business mediums and fortune-tellers to further our worldly and selfish schemes, or to simply satisfy unworthy curiosity, we ought not to complain if the communications received are not of the highest order, but if we seek for only the best and highest, and go about our search earnestly and honestly, complying as nearly as possible to required conditions, I think we have a right to expect the communications received to be earnest and truthful; and if they are not, if they are trifling, undignified, equivocal or utterly false, I think we are justified in feeling disappointed and disgusted.

But "not so," say some of my friends. They insist that we have no right to complain. "The conditions were not right, or we were not prepared for the glorious truth of Spiritualism." In the same breath, perhaps, they tell us of a wonderful test received by somebody most obviously unprepared and under painfully inharmonious conditions.

Why are Spiritualists generally so blind to inaccuracies, contradictions and bald absurdities, in what they believe to be spirit communications? And why is it that the most credulous among them are the quickest to discover contradictions in the Bible, and the first to suspect duplicity and hypocrisy in the expounders of other religions?

I know a score of good, honest people who are somewhat mediumistic, and who have the utmost faith in themselves and in each other, and in their "spirit guides," notwithstanding the fact that nine-tenths of the communications given or received through them, are worse than useless to inhabitants of this or any other world. Is this sort of faith desirable or wise?

It is often said if we have one test of spirit presence we should be convinced of the truth of Spiritualism; and so I suppose we should. But what constitutes a test? Many things that have been "laid hold of" as such have been "explained" by mind-reading, and many more by psychometry; but what is mind-reading, and what is psychometry? and where is the dividing line between them and mediumship?

If we are so fortunate as to be convinced that spirits do live beyond the grave, and do return to earth, that knowledge alone ought not to satisfy us, and does not; but what more can we be absolutely sure of, in the way of manifestations, if we are not ourselves mediums?

There is much talk about the pure and spiritual-minded being natural recipients of spiritual gifts, but observation proves that spiritual gifts fall alike upon the just and the unjust. Some of the best people and some of the most unprincipled people of my acquaintance are mediums. The best medium I ever saw, and I believe one of the best men, told me that many of the communications given through him were utterly false. In view of such facts how can we be assured of the genuineness of any communication unless it concerns something which we already know? And, if we already know a thing, what do we learn by its repetition? Is there any way out of this fog of doubt, except through our own mediumistic de-

velopment? And is the attainment of mediumship for people not specially gifted, always a safe task to undertake?

CLARENCE CHACE.

SAN JOSE, Cal., August, 1888.

AN ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

The writer of the foregoing article deserves every credit for the frank and direct manner in which he states his various difficulties and perplexities. But they are, apparently, the difficulties of one whose inquiries may not have embraced either a sufficient length of time or breadth of area, even though it is "a few years ago" since the inquiries commenced in his case.

The first point in our friend's article is that he consulted two professional and one private medium, and that in each case he was advised to take a different course upon the same matter, and presumably by the same spirit friend? The actual question involved is the certainty of its being the same spirit in each case? That can best be decided by the evidence presented through each medium.

The next point refers to the tincturing of messages given through media by the characters of such persons—a fact that is universally admitted by Spiritualists. Yet, while so admitted, it is not allowed in the case of a fully developed message medium—not a mere sensitive—that it destroys the "natural flavor" of the message.

While the next point in this consideration is the question as to what constitutes a test. It is easy to ask such a question, but very difficult to answer it. It is a well known fact, illustrated in juries, official boards, societies, and private life, that evidence is a very peculiar thing, some actually denying point blank the validity of evidence that another deems conclusive and indubitable. A communication that discloses in its nature the mental and personal individuality of its author, with sundry details of facts and incidents known only to their narrator, the whole being beyond the possible knowledge of the medium, may be accepted as an illustration of a test. Many such have been given, but whether one such would satisfy our friend may remain an open question.

The foregoing are the salient points in our friend's letter, but he adds certain subsidiary ones that demand attention. In dealing with these more extended replies to the previous statements will be found.

Chief among the secondary questions is a complaint against failure, when it appears that all proper conditions are complied with, coupled with which may be the statement that some of the best and some of the worst are mediums. The actual fact of mediumship—like, say the ability to sing—is not dependent upon moral, intellectual, or spiritual culture. Such culture may be largely absent, and yet the individual be a good medium, so far as mediumship is concerned, but an altogether unfit representative of his craft or cause.

Now, frivolous and vexatious, silly and contradictory messages are quite frequent with certain mediums and sitters, and the cause is due to the lack of knowledge regarding that much abused term "the conditions." We are slowly learning that the conditions are quite complex, and all that has been generically denominated mediumship is divisible into two parts, i. e., that there are mediums and psychological sensitives, and that under different conditions even the medium may be simply for the time being a sensitive. The medium is one actually controlled by disembodied spirits; the sensitive is one who is controlled by the thoughts and surroundings of those around him. When "test" mediums (?) who are simply psychological sensitives are weeded out, and the actual mediums are left for consultation, our friend's experience of the triangular contradiction will not be very likely to recur.

It does not seem, however, that Spiritualists are altogether blind to the "inaccuracies, contradictions, and bald absurdities of what they believe to be spirit communications," for they are often the severest critics, nor are they more uncharitable to the teachers of other forms of faith than are others.

Now as to developing mediumship, and obtaining satisfaction in that way. It is likely that if our friend became a medium he might find the assurance of the spirit's life after death, or he might perplex himself with the supposition that he was only a "sensitive," or a mind reader, or a psychometrist, and so remain as enwrapped in fog as he is now. What advice can be given him? This: Form a private circle with a few congenial friends; enter upon a six months' course of steady home investigation, and seek to establish the fact of the operation of a power, intelligence and individuality in the circle entirely distinct from any member of your company. Eliminate all doubtful results; treat the communicating intelligences as you would people in this life; maintain a level head; don't humbug yourself, or allow any one else to do so. Communion with the spirit world is either fact or fancy. Forty years' testimony throughout civilization asserts it is true.

I write in response to a request from the Editor of the GOLDEN GATE, and as I do not know Mr. Chace, can but ask him to accept my article in the same spirit of frankness credited to me by his own.

J. J. MORSE.

They are happy whose natures sort with their vocations.—Lord Bacon.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. PIERCE'S BODY-BATTERY



ELECTRICITY
—AS APPLIED BY—
DR. PIERCE'S NEW
GALVANIC CHAIN BELT!

—WILL POSITIVELY—
CURE DISEASE WITHOUT THE AID OF MEDICINE!

This Belt is the Very Latest Improvement in Electro-Therapeutic Science, and is warranted to be far superior to anything of a similar nature ever before invented. It produces from 26 to 90 degrees of electrical power, giving MILD, STRONG or REVERSIBLE currents, which can be INSTANTLY FELT by the wearer. DR. PIERCE'S BELT is, in fact, a complete

—Portable Body Battery!

With special attachments or appliances for BOTH SEXES, for curing the following diseases, viz:

NERVOUS DEBILITY,
KIDNEY COMPLAINT,
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
CONSTIPATION,
DISEASE OF THE LIVER,
FEMALE IRREGULARITIES
AND WEAKNESS,
DYSPEPSIA,
IMPOTENCY,
SPINAL DISORDERS,
WEAKNESS OF THE
SEXUAL ORGANS,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

THOUSANDS CURED!
CAUTION! DR. PIERCE CELEBRATED Belts and Trusses cannot be had from canvassers or peddlers; nor are they sold on any "30 Days' Trial," "Money Refunded," or similar schemes, calculated to deceive the public.

The following letter is a sample of hundreds which are constantly being received:

Electricity Did the Work!
FREESTONE, Sonoma Co., Cal.,
February 28, 1888.

DR. PIERCE & SON—GENTLEMEN:—I take great pleasure in writing you that the Electric Belt which I bought at your office last Fall, for my son, has cured him of a severe attack of neuralgia, which the doctors could not cure. They examined him and said he had the "hip disease," or something of the kind, and that it would cost me from \$400 to \$500 to have him cured; but one of your \$10 Belts cured him, and he is now a strong, healthy boy, with no sign of "hip disease" or anything else the matter with him. "Electricity is the remedy for me and the rest of my family. You will probably remember that one of your Electro-Magnetic Trusses cured me of rupture after I had suffered with the complaint for several years.

I consider Dr. Pierce's Electric Belts and Trusses to be the best ever made, and heartily recommend them to all sufferers.

Yours truly, CHAS. S. COLLINS.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS OF

Dr. Pierce's Belt,

Call on the undersigned, or
Send Stamp for Free Illustrated Pamphlet,
No. 2.

RUPTURE



HERNIA OR RUPTURE.

The dangerous and distressing complaint known as Hernia or Rupture, may be instantly relieved, and in nearly every case, SPEEDILY and PERMANENTLY CURED, by using Dr. Pierce's Patent MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS. This is the original and only genuine Electric Truss and the only one ever manufactured that will properly Retain and Radically Cure Rupture. During the past fourteen years it has cured thousands of cases in the United States and foreign countries. It is entirely different in its action from any truss ever before invented; is easy and comfortable to wear, and may be worn Night and Day. No Iron Hoops or Steel Springs. Perfect-fitting Trusses can be sent anywhere by mail.

For particulars of Dr. Pierce's TRUSS, call at office, or send stamp for our Illustrated Pamphlet, No. 1, with Supplement of "Solid Facts."

PILES. We are pleased to announce that we have just secured the exclusive control for the entire Pacific Coast, of a newly patented appliance for the relief cure of Hemorrhoids or Piles. Samples of this Splendid Invention can be seen at the following address: (Descriptive Pamphlet sent on course of preparation.)

MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS CO.,
704 SACRAMENTO STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Also for Sale by **J. H. WIDBER,** Druggist,
Cor. Third and Market Sts., S. F.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Grangers' Bank,

OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO, : CALIFORNIA.

Authorized Capital, \$1,000,000.

In 10,000 Shares of \$100 each.

CAPITAL PAID UP IN GOLD COIN,
\$624,160.RESERVE FUND IN PAID UP STOCK,
\$27,500.

OFFICERS.

A. D. LOGAN - - - - - President
I. C. STEELE - - - - - Vice-President
A. MONTPELLIER - - - - - Cashier and Manager
FRANK McMULLEN - - - - - Secretary

DIRECTORS.

A. D. LOGAN, President - - - Colusa County
J. H. GARDNER - - - - - Rio Vista
T. E. TYNAN - - - - - Stanislaus County
URIAH WOOD - - - - - Santa Clara County
DANIEL MEYER - - - - - San Francisco
H. M. LARUE - - - - - Yolo County
I. C. STEELE - - - - - San Mateo County
THOS. MCCONNELL - - - - - Sacramento County
C. J. CRESSEY - - - - - Merced County
SENECA EWER - - - - - Napa County
H. J. LEWELLING - - - - - Napa County

CURRENT ACCOUNTS are opened and conducted in the usual way, bank books balanced up, and statements of accounts rendered every month.

LOANS ON WHEAT and Country Produce a specialty.

COLLECTIONS throughout the country are made promptly, and proceeds remitted as directed.

CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT issued, payable on demand.

BILLS OF EXCHANGE on the Atlantic States bought and sold.

ALBERT MONTPELLIER,

Cashier and Manager.

July 25-1888

DR. R. P. FELLOWS

INDEPENDENT PHYSICIAN

STANDS ALOOF FROM THE OLD AND NEW schools of practice by adopting an original system of treatment, which is so successful (for the diseases treated), that it has brought him business, not only from all parts of this country, but from foreign shores. The Doctor treats all of those peculiar diseases of young and middle-aged men, such as SPERMATORRHEA, IMPOTENCY, VARICOCELE, etc. Those who are ailing should send to cents for his book, "Private Counselor," setting forth an EXTERNAL Awaiting—A POSITIVE CURE. The book is worth many times its cost, and should be read by the young for instruction, and the afflicted for relief.

As DR. FELLOWS is an out-spoken Liberal and Spiritualist, the Free-Thinkers of the land should give him their patronage. All communications strictly confidential. Plain envelopes used. The book sent sealed. Address,

DR. R. P. FELLOWS,

Vineland, New Jersey.

[Say where you saw this advertisement.]

From "THE BETTER WAY,"

"Dr. Fellows, the eminent specialist, is an educated gentleman of superior mind and large attainments, and able to transact his various professional duties promptly and well, and give satisfaction in every instance. His references are numbered by thousands."

THE PSYCHOGRAPH

OR

Dial :- Planchette!

This instrument has now been thoroughly tested by numerous investigators, and has proved more satisfactory than the planchette, both in regard to the certainty and correctness of the communications, and as a means of developing mediumship. Many who were not aware of their mediumistic gift have, after a few sittings, been able to receive astonishing communications from their departed friends.

Cant. D. B. Edwards, Orient, N. Y., writes:

"I had communications (by the Psychograph) from many other friends, even from the old settlers whose graves-stones are moss-grown in the old yard. They have been highly satisfactory, and proved to me that Spiritualism is indeed true, and the communications have given my heart the greatest comfort in the severe loss I have had of son, daughter, and their mother."